

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



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Secretary for Education.

Guildhall, Bristol.  
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The persons appointed must be qualified to conduct or assist in conducting general inspections of all types of schools and institutions. Ability to inspect and advise on instruction in one special branch of knowledge will be considered. Other duties may be entrusted to them.

In the case of male candidates preference will be given to persons who have served, or attempted to serve with His Majesty's Forces.

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THE ARTS

## DISSOLVING VIEWS

THERE was a time, before the war, when we found it an easy and delightful occupation to survey mankind from China to Peru. We in Europe lived amidst a group of compact nations, each having definite and peculiar characteristics; our social system was a definite and easily understandable thing; we had a compact system of morality; there were four or five separate arts, very different from one another, and a somewhat vaguer entity called science. It was an easy thing to abstract oneself, now and then, from the immediate flux, and to let one's half-closed eyes sweep over the firm outlines of this all-embracing picture. We could, with the sense of being fairly accurate, give the latitude and longitude of everything on our map. Our conception was, as it were, static; we lived in a three-dimensional universe and forgot time, that fourth dimension along which our universe was hurrying. We were by no means weary of the picture when we realized, with a shock, that the operator was about to change the slide.

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religion are now so blurred that we cannot distinguish their outlines in the prevailing confusion. But it is when we turn to the arts that our feeling of homelessness reaches its maximum intensity. Not only have the old settled contours vanished, but it looks as if no contours would ever again be visible. It is not that the work of contemporary artists is amorphous; on the contrary, each individual artist's work is only too definite and circumscribed; each moves in a direction as definite as that of a straight line, which has length without breadth. The confusion is produced by the fact that these lines cross at all angles; like the molecules of a gas, the artists are moving in all directions with all velocities—and a gas is a mathematically perfect chaos.

But we may hope, nevertheless, that this apparent chaos will not last indefinitely. The confusion, we prefer to think, is only the result of the overlapping of two slides. It seems to be a law of nature that the passage from one set of conventions to another involves an intermediate stage of pure anarchy. Thus we have known men who abandoned the Church of England and became atheists, but achieved equilibrium as Roman Catholics; and a history of Revolution shows that it is usually the intermediate stage

between one brand of Conservatism and another. There can be no doubt that, in the long view, the work now being done in the arts is chiefly valuable in its negative aspect. The old fences have been thrown down, and although the consequent rushing to and fro does not seem to take us to any definite place, we may hope that we are learning more of the surrounding country, and that the new barriers will enclose a wider area than the old. In the meantime we can at least rejoice in the new sense of freedom. Even in science a vigorous throwing down of barriers seems to have taken place, and we should not like, in our disquietude at contemporary manifestations in art, to be thought to resemble those inconsolable physicists who are complaining that their æther has been taken away. If the comparison were

made, however, we should point out that, amongst contemporary artists, there is no Einstein to force our assent. We fancy that, when he comes, he will be as individual and unheralded as his scientific prototype. Like him, he will unify the most disparate phenomena, and, it may be, disturb something as fundamental as our notions of space and time. Perhaps we are not yet ripe for so commanding a genius. It may be that the confusion must grow worse confounded before order can be restored. But already we can see the kind of unification that must take place. The universe must be discovered over again. If art is to survive it must show itself worthy to rank with science; it must be as adequate, in its own way, as is science. To do that, it must become, to an unprecedented degree, profound and comprehensive, for it is living in a world which is unprecedentedly wide and deep. What the new world will be like we do not know, but it is already apparent that it will be a bigger thing altogether than the pre-war world. It is natural that, amidst these half-seen immensities, the artist should feel somewhat at a loss, and should turn from the contemplation of the whole to the detailed study of such superficially attractive objects as parrots and oranges. We know that the thought and experience of a lifetime might be concentrated in such studies, and we are not asking poets to write about the Milky Way. But if such objects are to serve as adequate symbols something more than their superficial fascinations must be apprehended.

The comprehension we ask of the artist, and which he must have if art is to be rescued from triviality, is not bestowed on his work by any automatic process. It does not consist in painting the signs of the Zodiac, in reciting the facts of geology, or in composing a symphonic poem on the death of the Sun. The example of Mr. Thomas Hardy, to mention no other, is sufficient to show that four lines on an old woman may open a window on the universe. But for this to be possible the artist must live in a world of valid relations. It does not matter whether he lives in Chelsea or the Parthenon, provided he knows the correct position of those two places. But to live in Chelsea and not to know where Chelsea is makes comprehension, and therefore great art, impossible. Somehow or other the artist must rescue himself from the immediate flux. At present he paddles vigorously along whatever direction chance has opened a way to him. He must stop for a moment, even if others pass him in the race for that particular landing stage; he must consult the compass, find out where he is and very earnestly and sincerely try to discover where he wants to go. When he has summed up all possible directions and found out where they lead to, it may be that, if his sight is keen enough and his courage high enough, he will choose that path which leads him to the centre of the world.

S.

THE Committee of the Phoenix announce that their second production will be Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode." This has been chosen as a representative example of the author's earlier dramatic work. The performances will be given on the 18th and 19th of January, Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.

## "AMERICAN WRITTEN HERE"

**T**HAT will be the sign, neatly lettered in gold, on my office door. I shall use it as a slogan in my arrestingly worded advertisements, and I shall have neat business cards inscribed with it and my name, followed by all the academic letters I can muster. Every novelist in "Who's Who," nay, every living novelist in Mudie's, will receive one of these cards. And the wise ones will come to consult me whosoever their muse requires that an American speak his native tongue.

My fees will be carefully and inversely scaled by the consultant's importance. From Sir James Barrie, if he will only put an American into one of his plays, I shall ask nothing but the proud joy of knowing that I have helped to preserve an interesting fly in amber M. Arnold Bennett I shall firmly advise to reconsider his rash plan. His readers in the States would not care to see a compatriot in a pretty-ladyish London; and they would be highly incredulous of one in the Five Towns. From Mr. H. G. Wells I shall ask but a trifle, merely stipulating that "Americanisms by A. B. Hillyard" be printed beneath his name on the title-page. Mr. Stephen McKenna will have to pay more; quite a lot more, because his "laboured transatlanticisms" annoy me so much, and I foresee that I shall have a hard time arguing him out of them. Then he may not really arrive, and, consequently, the honour of appearing as his collaborator will not be so satisfying. Lesser lights, of course, will have to pay in proportion to the glory that is reflected upon them by their employment of the expert whom the deans of their profession consult. That principal of remuneration is accepted everywhere.

It was the first chapter of "Mr. Britling" which several years ago suggested this venture to me, and the belated reading of "Sonia" in September which made it imperative. Mr. Wells slips up half a dozen times in his painstaking initial characterization of the American Direck. For instance, in the opening paragraph Mr. Direck's erstwhile love is referred to as Miss Mamie Nelson, though the nickname Mamie went completely into the discard among New Englanders of Direck's class two generations ago, and has been replaced by Molly or Polly, when Mary condescends to a *petit nom*. A page later Direck ejaculates "Lordy! Lordy! My word!" More utterly incongruous exclamations could scarcely be got together, for *Lordy* is of the negroes and the po' whites of the South; while *My word* is of the rather smart highbrows, so-called.

Still in the first chapter, "Mr. Direck's mind was a little confused . . . by the fact that Mr. Britling spoke of a car when he meant an automobile. He handed his ticket mechanically to the station-master . . ." Now Americans use the word "car" much more frequently than the word "automobile"; and no American on his second railway trip in England could possibly hand his ticket to the station-master mechanically. He wouldn't know what a station-master was, to begin with; and he would be so surprised at the demand for a ticket after he had left the train that he would probably go through half a dozen pockets before he found it.

"Say, I haven't dropped a brick, have I?" asks Mr. Direck out of the fullness of his consternation at table. One shudders to think of how large a brick Mr. Wells dropped when he put that raw vulgarism into the mouth of a near-Bostonian. And later, with complete equanimity, he has his American speak of "iced water" (the *d* is silent and unseen between the Atlantic and the Pacific), and of "burthening" his host. There the *d* is always spoken and written.

These are small things, you say. Yes, but it is small things, my masters, that matter in literature and in international relations. I should hesitate to say how many people in the States read "Mr. Britling" in 1916; and how many of them were amused or annoyed, as their temperaments went, by these slips of Mr. Wells. Much more blatant errors by a less omniscient person would not have meant so much, but we take Mr. Wells very seriously, and we do not like to have him make mistakes about us.

Mr. Wells's disciple, Mr. McKenna, has his youthfully infallible formula for an American: he makes him say "for a piece" where an Englishman would say "for a bit." The reiteration of that phrase in both "Sonia" and "Midas and Sin" invested my coming to England with all the romantic ardour of a crusade. Not in vain will I have lived, said I to myself, if I can convince the British public that Americans do not go prospecting for a piece, promoting for another piece and deservedly paralytic for a final piece. There may be farmer folk who say it, but it is emphatically not a characteristic Americanism. We say "for a while," or, as you do, "for a bit."

And we use the word "folk" only with an air of kindly patronage, as I have just used it, as you Britishers use it, though Mr. McKenna is quite sure that we say "our folk" when we mean our people. We don't. Some of us, not so finished of speech as others, say "our folks," but we never use the singular.

If I had opened my consulting room before "Sonia" came out, when Mr. McKenna submitted his MSS. to me, I should have had to rewrite entirely the speeches of his Anglo-Mexican-American. Such a man, deliberately imitating the Americans he had known in Mexico, would interlard his talk with gringo Spanish. I have lived ten years on the Mexican Border, and my tongue will not unlearn its *Quien sabe*, its *bueno*, its *muy pronto*. Between us, Mr. McKenna and I might have made something of that man Morris; but I am afraid we would have summarily ended our collaboration over the wonderful David O'Rane's impersonation of an American business man! One wonders who gave Mr. McKenna his letters of introduction in the States.

There is the record of a quaint misunderstanding of American slang in Mr. Edward Marsh's "Memoirs of Rupert Brooke." Brooke wrote to him protesting against "You bet your——" in one of his letters to the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, having been filled out by the editor to "you bet your boots"; when the unfinished phrase was correctly transatlantic. I puzzled over that for some time: certainly I had never seen or heard the expression, and I know my country rather widely. Light dawned by way of a comic cartoon. It was the classic phrase "you betcha" (accent heavy on the *bet*) which Brooke was

spelling conventionally! But "you betcha," when an American stops to analyse it, is "you bet you," and is just an imitative second person of "I bet you," which in comic-cartoon circles is pronounced and spelled "I betcha."

Brooke was over gentle with our vulgar tag.

The truth is, Simon-pure Britishers cannot write American. Mr. Kipling can, but he married an American wife. That ideal solution of the problem is unfortunately available to comparatively few. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett can, but she has spent years in the States. Among the lesser fry, Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Dawson do it excellently for the same reason. The rest of you think that all Americans speak a certain definite dialect of the English language. You hear a bit of slang from the Bowery, an "I presume" from Boston or an "I reckon" from Maryland, a fragment of pidgin English from California, and a bronco-busting curse from the Plains; and the next time you write American, you conscientiously put them all into the mouth of a Pennsylvanian. And that, as I said before, amuses or annoys us, as the case may be.

An educated American uses, for the most part, the same phraseology as an educated Englishman; intonation and accent are what really differentiate our speech. There are differences in the choice of words, yes: we say "while," you "whilst"; we say "I'm not through," you "I've not finished"; we are taught from the nursery to say "Another child and I," you, frankly egoistic, say "I and another child." But these are fairly subtle differences, and you insist on waving a slang-spangled banner over us.

So, until I open my office, one free word of advice to those who would write American. Grant your cousin across the Atlantic the use of simple, straightforward English. And if you must get local colour into his speech, remember that there is as much difference between the *argot* of the Californian, of the Texan, and of the New Yorker as there is between that of the Anglo-Indian, of the South African colonist, and of the West-Ender; and that it is best, in the matter of caution at least, to rank oneself on the side of the angels, in these days of growing friendliness—and some touchiness—between John Bull and Uncle Sam.

ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD.

### HEEDLESS THE BIRDS . . .

By this same copse in spring I came,  
The birds sang round me cheerily.  
In that wild dancing world of flame  
Mine was the one wild heart made tame;  
I hearkened warily.  
Fain would I share  
With them my care;  
But they would have no heed of me.

Now, while the wan year wanes more dim,  
My heart grows joyous-wild again;  
But where black trees the bleak skies limn  
Those birds do pipe a doleful hymn.  
Yet though, gladmost of men,  
I'd fain re-wake  
Spring in the brake,  
They heed no more than they did then.

THOMAS MOULT.

## UNANIMISTE POEM: THE EXPRESS

On sways the tilting train :  
 We feel the carriage bluffy sideways blown,  
 We see the chill shower brighten on the pane,  
 We hear the high wind through the lantern moan,  
 We three borne ever through the wind and rain,  
 We three who meet here not to meet again,  
 We three poor faring fools who sit alone.

Now is the time if so be you would speak.  
 Why, being friend, be proud or why be meek ?  
 Or to be meek or proud is to be weak.

He sits in shoddy clothes and he is shy,  
 He is the sort that avoids every eye  
 Lest his wild heart could never staunch its cry.

But as he sits he aches in every limb,  
 He is so tired that his eyes are dim  
 And touch at yours. Now speak to him.

On swings the pounding train :  
 Hard hail raps by. You dare not speak again.

She sits well-bred, well-dressed, but does not shun  
 The looks of others. An aged winter sun  
 She is, and dozes and peeps briefly out in fun.

Why be so meek ? She hears the loud wheels whirr.  
 She wearies. She would sleep but for the stir . . .  
 She feigns a look shot past. Now speak to her.

Loud shrills the buried train :  
 Darkness. It clears. You dare not speak again.

But the giant Train begins a confident song :  
*"Why be so meek, so proud, when both are wrong ?  
 He who would love, must learn, learn to be strong!"*

Suddenly all three speak as from one brain.

We do not feel the carriage sideways blown,  
 Nor see the chill shower brighten on the pane,  
 Nor hear the high wind in the lantern moan,  
 We three borne ever through the wind and rain,  
 We three who meet here not to meet again,  
 We three sweet fools who do not sit alone.

On storms the soaring train.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

The Black Mountains, 1919.

## CHILDHOOD

If you had been a woman when the alarms  
 Of childhood still were vagrant in my blood  
 And I was driven by life's morning mood,  
 You would have caught me up into your arms,  
 And told me stories of escape from harms,  
 And made me sure my fears were understood.  
 So, childlike, now, I draw my simple good  
 From the mysterious chamber of your charms.

But, dear, if you had been the dreaming child  
 And I your refuge—would you have brought to me  
 All childhood's infinite infelicity ?—  
 O not less solitary, not less wild,  
 Than when for you harsh life began to be,  
 Here in my arms with life be reconciled !

GERALD GOULD.

## REVIEWS

## THE DREAMER AWAKES

THE EVOLUTION OF AN INTELLECTUAL. By John Middleton Murry.  
 (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. net.)

**T**HERE is a division between man and the universe. To recognize this division as far as one may, never to deny it and never to shirk it, is what is meant by facing reality. In facing reality another truth comes to light : that part of man which declares the universe to be separate is not the whole of man ; he is a creature divided against himself ; he is self-mocked. It is true that those who demand unity may have it ; they are not misled when they say they are one with the universe, for all their aspirations and ideals are rooted in a common soil, the same soil that produces also the cruelty and pain against which they rebel. All the evil they fight against is the substance also of their own good, and in achieving victory they destroy themselves. Thus the division between man and the universe is only apparent ; there remains an ironic synthesis. But this synthesis, which exists when we explore origins, must be put on one side as a barren achievement when we wish to discover a way of life. What we must then insist upon is the division between our ideals and reality, and the problem arises, how are we to live in this divided universe ?

The war, by emphasizing the division, has made the problem acute. It was, perhaps, possible before the war to say that the ideal and the real are one ; that statement is possible now only to those whose ideals have sunk to the level of the real, or to those who are incapable of vision. To the young of this generation the war revealed things as they are, and it became imperative to examine their ideals in the light of this revelation. Mr. Murry's book shows us the course and result of this examination in a particular case, the case of a born idealist. How far his experience may be taken as representative we do not know ; the courage necessary to make the investigation more than a sham is not common. His essays, written during the war and presented in chronological order, show a progressive disillusionment. He is introduced to us at the moment that he discovers that his first task is to overcome his shrinking from the hideous reality that the war revealed. Hence his reiterated insistence on honesty, on the deliberate exploration of the facts of life. Hence his fierce dissatisfaction with the mere "squirming" of the contemporary English novel ; his own pain makes him intolerant of those who refuse to suffer it ; our writers ignore the war, and that "is worse by far than to be wholly of it." There is something almost frenetic in this insistence on the hideousness of the real, on the duty of facing it, of doing one's utmost to realize it ; these are not the accents of ironical wisdom, pointing out a long-realized truth ; it is the cry of a lover newly undeeceived. He is fanatic, now, for the truth. He turns to the terrible searchings of the great Russians ; he can see, now, the terms of their problems ; in the writhings of a Dostoevsky he watches, fascinated, his own struggles. One might think that now he would perceive the full extent of his disillusionment ; on one side is the real and on the other the ideal, worshipful but impotent, the gulf between these two being absolute and impassable. But this step is the most difficult of all for the born idealist to take ; it is, perhaps, impossible. He may go so far as to entertain it as an hypothesis, but there is something in him which always holds him back from full acceptance. Mr. Murry may say, after reading Dostoevsky's "Dream of a Queer Fellow" : "What if we are only queer fellows dreaming ? What if behind the veil the truth is leering and jeering at our queerness and our dreams ?" but we know that this hypothesis can never become, for him, a belief. He can never admit that the

universe is, in truth, divided. Somehow the ideal shapes the real. In his own words :

As realists we admit that it has been proved that imagination cannot play the part which we once believed it played in determining the destiny of humanity, at least, not for many years; as idealists we refuse to admit that it is condemned to perpetual bondage. Nothing compels us to admit this; therefore we will not.

We can see how deep lie the roots of this faith in Mr. Murry if we turn to his analysis of M. Duhamel's two books, "La Vie des Martyrs," and "Civilisation." He accepts as true the two statements which extinguish hope : "L'être dans sa chair souffre toujours solitairement," and "On ne prêtera pas d'imagination à ceux qui n'en ont guère." He forces himself to realize the full implication of these two "laws," and at the end he decides that they are true—but not eternally true. So he saves something from the wreck; if nothing has come to land so far, something will be washed up on the shores of the future. But before we adopt the robust attitude towards this conclusion, let us be quite sure that we understand the meaning of the alternative that Mr. Murry rejects. We may well find that our apparent greater courage is a consequence of less imagination. We must face the facts as he faces them. His two essays on Duhamel will help us to realize that this means no glib acceptance. To our thinking, Mr. Murry could do no more than frankly declare his faith; he has endeavoured, however, to buttress it against denial. In his very remarkable essay on "The Daughter of Necessity" he makes a desperate endeavour to take his problem in the flank. He will admit the evil reality and its apparent incompatibility with one's ideals, but he will say that the whole process of which it and our ideals are part is supremely beautiful. He will transcend all human standards and, beholding the face of the daughter of necessity, say that it is beautiful. He asks for the rejection of no single item of experience; the whole of truth is admitted, and it is declared that the result is, in Plato's words, "a single harmony." This harmony is the true subject-matter of art, and its contemplation the sole function of the true artist.

This essay is, in many ways, the most revealing in the book, and not the less so because we believe it to be founded on a self-deception. Those of us who are not Platonically minded can see here, again, nothing but the assertion of a faith. Mr. Murry no more than ourselves can transcend human standards and a partial knowledge. Even if, as an artist, he declares that the whole is beautiful, his insight can have no compulsion for us. It is true that he can assert that his insight is not deceived; but he cannot communicate it. We can agree that he has asserted a faith, but not that he has discovered a truth. Mr. Murry believes that what he has brought is what he has found. The difference is, of course, non-existent to the believer, but it is sufficiently obvious to others. We insist upon this point because we believe that Mr. Murry has misstated the function of the artist. We believe that the beauty with which the artist is concerned is no more inherent in reality than are the uniform time and Euclidean space in which he locates the physical world.

When we come to the penultimate essay, however, we see that this confession of faith is not Mr. Murry's last word. He will not, it is true, say that he is *only* a queer fellow dreaming, and, indeed, there is no compelling reason why he should. But, also, he is less confident about those drafts on the future :

... we do not know in what we believe, and we do not care to look into the matter too closely, for fear that we should find in the recesses something which we do not care to look upon, much less own as ours.

His implacable honesty brings him to this, but he knows that here is no permanent resting-place. He has, in making this confession, realized his own nature, and he can prophesy his future as well as we :

Most men will live on their old illusions, and the few, among whom we count ourselves, who have lost them all, will create for themselves new ones.

But what can these new ones be? Will the old one, that the ideal shapes the real, be amongst them? We hardly think so, for, in any case, it can no longer bring consolation.

No glorious future, no splendid purpose achieved can ever justify these hecatombs of pain. They are adamant and elemental: they cannot be resolved into anything other than themselves, naked, unforgettable evil.

It is the conclusion of Ivan Karamazov. No conceivable future harmony is worth the price that has been paid. But Ivan Karamazov, that most courageous of idealists, also said that man cannot live in rebellion. His remark is profoundly true. So that it is not surprising to find that Mr. Murry, in his last essay, turns to the monastery of art. He fancies that, by admitting all experience, an equilibrium is established, and that henceforth, in peace and serenity, he can cultivate his garden. "Unlike prophecy, art and thought are self-satisfying activities." It is not true—for him. Art and thought, which are not also prophetic, have no real interest for the idealist. His whole book gives the lie to Mr. Murry's fancied security. In his literary criticism—and he is a very fine critic—he always searches for that unifying vision which inspires prophecy and makes it possible.

As we have said, we do not know how far Mr. Murry's book is representative. We should like to think that his experience was typical, but we know that, on the one hand, there are many who cannot face facts, and, on the other, that there are many who have reached his conclusions without paying his price. Perhaps they never loved humanity much—these others. The realization of the truth has been disagreeable; it has not been an agony. It is hard to be born an idealist, for sooner or later, if he be honest and courageous, his idealism must be defeated by the sympathetic imagination.

J. W. N. S.

## ELEGANCE AND ITS RELATION TO VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLES

THE PHANTOM JOURNAL; AND OTHER ESSAYS AND DIVERSIONS.  
By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

**G**IVE a child a dish of soap and water and a clay pipe—not forgetting the sealing wax at the mouthpiece—and he will blow you with varying success an indefinite number of bubbles. It is a craft rather than an art; but a good craftsman must combine a lovable assortment of qualities: patience and tact, a sympathetic understanding of his materials and tools, and a joy in his productions. Mr. E. V. Lucas can blow a pretty bubble; but that trick of swinging it lightly afloat has often escaped him here. Still, incidentally there is iridescence, and a winning garrulousness—as when your little boy fills his pipe-bowl with the solution, and blows an endless chain of bullules from the gurgling clay.

Mr. Lucas has added permanently to our stock of contentment by reproducing illustrations from "The Elegant Girl; or, Virtuous Principles the True Source of Elegant Manners," a book for children published in 1813 with the object sufficiently indicated in the title. We are presented with six out of a set of twelve plates illustrating what our Essayist aptly terms The Innocent's Progress. Laura, the Elegant Girl, appears to us in a variety of well-defined occupations, in settings characterized by a certain bareness, an absence of the non-essential in decoration that suggests an intelligently ordered stage. Her dress, adapted so variously to the occupations of the

day, is ever judicious, from the compromise between sleeping and waking attire of the early hours to that other costume, with its suggestion both of the nunnery and the harem, in which she comforts the sick in the late afternoon. One can but echo Mr. Lucas, that "to the casual male eye she seems to have chosen her trousers with no little discretion." For it belongs to the quality of Laura's elegance that she wears these things, so unfamiliar in this context, and wears them in such a manner that never for a moment do we doubt their modishness. There are slight changes in their frill, pattern and cut for the changing seasons of the day, but in no instance are they anything but suitable.

Laura does graciously and without priggishness the things that most foster self-consciousness. First she prays; and this, though the least pleasing in effect of her activities, might easily be much more oppressive than it is, and incidentally is a revelation of the religious tone in refined circles about the close of the eighteenth century. At her early morning lesson, the next glimpse vouchsafed to us, she has waked up surprisingly; but I must disagree, with all the warmth of my conviction, with Mr. Lucas's verdict that Laura "is never again so charming a child as in the library before breakfast." To my eyes she puts on graces with every space that divides the crucial moments of her day, up to the sublime Tenth Plate. In Plate 3 she is about to share her breakfast with a beggar-child; he is like a particularly well-fed, a smiling, complacent—nay, a wanton, Cupid; but if Laura's impulse be misdirected, her attitude, as ever, is irreproachable.

But though virtuous principles are the foundation of Laura's deportment, it is to the superstructure of elegance that her conscious effort chiefly tends. And how rightly! She suggests and beautifully exemplifies a revised version of an old tag: *virtus est celare virtutem*; and is at most delightful ease where the source of elegance is least obtrusive; at the piano-lesson, for instance (Plate 4). Her music-master emphasizes a detail of instruction with pointing finger; so inane and pretty a young man is he that we accept him at once as belonging to the theatrical perfection of Laura's world. The Elegant Girl listens to him. She listens because at this precise moment that is exactly the right thing to do; because music is an accomplishment that lends to elegance the glamour of the transcendental; and because she likes music.

Mr. Lucas mentions the occupations forming the transition between Plates 4 and 10; they are severally conducive to good-feeling and elegance, and we may rest assured that Laura performs them all with the suave aptness peculiar to her. Plate 10 is placed last in the order of the reproductions; we may mention Plate 11, in which she reads to a sick lady in bed, from a book which I suppose from its size, taken in conjunction with the circumstances, and a something in Laura's face of imperfect sympathy, to be the Bible.

But see Laura dance! This is Plate 10. Her mother—here curiously modern, plump, motherly in appearance, as contrasted with the high-waisted Empire angularity of the morning hours—twangs a massive harp, and watches Laura dance—as who would not? For the spirit of dance, the infectious joy of the art which by an exquisite poise and interplay of material form suggests freedom from its burden and limitations—the spirit of dance possesses Laura. Rapt, pensive, her head just tilted, her hands just lifting the brief skirt above her trousers in the conventional degree, she slides forward, the embodied dream of those Elegant Manners whose true source is in Virtuous Principles.

F. W. S.

## A YOUNG MODERN

ENJOYING LIFE; AND OTHER LITERARY REMAINS OF W. N. P. BARBELLION. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

THE readers of the "Journal of a Disappointed Man" will find that his second book adds but little to their knowledge of Barbellion. It is not the less interesting on that account; certain aspects of Barbellion's character receive additional emphasis in this volume, and, apart from such considerations, much of the matter is interesting for its own sake. The extra pages from the Journal seem to have been chosen with the intent to show us that, after all, Barbellion was not a pessimist. They certainly bear witness to moods of almost fierce delight in the sheer multiplicity, bigness and rush of things in general. The millions of men in London, the millions of stars in the heavens, the microscopic infinites concealed in worms and beetles, induced in Barbellion that not unfamiliar feeling of limitless adventure and God-like power. "The world is a ship, on an unknown and dangerous commission. But I for my part, as a silly shipboy, will stand on the ratlines and cheer." In such a mood he can accept anything; he can exult in anything. But, of course, it fades. From seeing himself as an atom in the Universe he swings round to seeing himself as the centre of it. Then the vastness frightens him; when he hears such formulas as "intrastellar space" or "secular time," he wants "to crawl away like a rat into a hole and die." As with all intelligent young men, the huge universe of science at once fascinates and terrifies him. How much his scientific training had become a part of him we see in this second volume. He was genuinely modern. Egotist as he was, his science enabled him to live in a wide world. His desire for knowledge was both courageous and passionate; he was scientific, and we think it is this fact which lends him his attraction. Without the courage and instant readiness to relate himself to wider things Barbellion could quite easily have been insupportable.

The essays are interesting enough, although they show less power and originality than the Journal. It is obvious that Barbellion was still at the stage when he badly wanted to write; these essays were written for the pleasure it gave their author to exercise his undoubted literary gift. An occasional remark, for its quaintness or its insight, will remind the reader that they are the literary exercises of an unusually able man. "An Autumn Stroll," the earliest of these pieces, has some amazing writing for a boy of sixteen. His remarks on Amiel are good criticism, and, faced with these evidences of literary power, we wonder whether Barbellion would ever have been content with a purely scientific career. It is certain that the writing of scientific memoirs could afford no sufficient outlet for his desire to write. The popular scientific articles included in this volume show that this kind of writing could never have satisfied him. They are very good of their kind, but they lack the movement, the glancing lights, typical of Barbellion's genuine literary work. At the same time they show that his interest in science was passionate and likely to endure. It is impossible to say what compromise he would have effected; we do not think he would have been able to abandon either activity. Of the two short stories in the volume we can only say that their evidence is negative. They do not show that Barbellion was a story-writer, but they are not inconsistent with that supposition.

We learn from the admirable *Bodleian Quarterly Record* that Mrs. Daniel, the wife of the late Dr. Daniel, has presented to the library the hand-press and type used by her husband in the production of his Daniel Press books. The press has been erected in the Picture Gallery, and a small collection of the books printed by it has been arranged near by.

## THE CORPUS VILE OF EUROPE

FROM LIBERTY TO BREST-LITOVSK. By Ariadne Tyrkova-Williams. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

**M**ME. TYRKOVA-WILLIAMS is a well-known Russian publicist and a prominent leader of the Constitutional Democratic Party (the Cadets). Her account of the Revolution is interesting, coherent and illuminating. Although the book is emotionally coloured with righteous anger and hatred towards the Bolsheviks, we cannot but welcome it as an honest attempt to narrate the history of the first year of the Russian revolution.

The chief defect of the book is that from which most of the books written about the revolution suffer: it is written and meant for Europe, for England, for those readers who know next to nothing about Russia, to whom all the tragedy of Russia is confined to whether Bolshevism is a blessing or a curse—doubtless owing to the energy of a few Bolshevik sympathizers who have managed, perhaps for the best and purest reasons, through a series of books, pamphlets and newspaper articles, to inculcate the idea in certain Liberal, Radical and Labour circles that the Bolsheviks stand for Socialism and progress, and all anti-Bolsheviks (that is, the majority of the Russian Socialist parties) for Tsardom, Constantinople and Imperialism. Those readers who are willing for a while to stop riding their high-principled hobby-horse will discover from Mme. Tyrkova's book much extremely instructive information, really about Russia. If after that they mount their Bolshevik horse again, it will not be a Russian horse, but a horse in the abstract, their own perhaps; and they will perhaps leave Russia alone.

It is a pity that Mme. Tyrkova does not tell the full story of what happened in Russia. The story of the actors of the débâcle is well and good, but from her we might have expected also the story of the factors which brought Russia from liberty to Brest-Litovsk; that she should have fully told not only of the struggle between the Provisional Government and the Soviets, of the struggle amongst the Socialist parties, but also to what extent the policy of the Allies contributed to shape and move Russia Brest-wards. That would be more instructive and useful for those who honestly want to obtain a clear vision and to adopt a corresponding attitude towards Russia. But because Mme. Tyrkova writes for outsiders she dwells on the moral aspect; she tries to supply an antidote to the many biased books and newspaper articles which have appeared in England, treating the Russian revolution from the parish-pump point of view, the point of view of patrons of a charitable institution or of a lunatic asylum. Mme. Tyrkova does the opposite (we must say quite frankly), and tries to show that the tragedy of Russia is due exclusively to the Bolsheviks. Both views are fallacious. The ruin of Russia is due to very many causes, and not the least among them is perhaps the part played by Allied policy towards Russia—since the revolution until the advent of the Bolsheviks, and from the Bolsheviks until to-day. Of course the Bolsheviks made peace with Germany. But nearly all Socialist parties wanted peace. The question was only how to obtain it and whether it is possible. The Provisional Government, the Soviets wanted peace; but they wanted a general peace, they never thought of concluding a separate peace.

Certainly it is because the Provisional Government and the Soviets had a Russian policy, and never thought of leaving the alliance, that the Bolsheviks drove them out of power. The Bolsheviks came to power because Russia did not matter to them. The only thing that mattered to them (we mean of course to the few honest

and sincere Bolsheviks) was the instantaneous and universal dictatorship of the proletariat. They knew to what condition they would bring Russia, but Russia was of no account; what mattered was the international proletariat. With all the disorganization produced during the years of war, with an illiterate non-political peasantry whose only desire was to get the land, with politically untrained, intriguing Socialist leaders, with an unorganized, weak and grabbing bourgeoisie—the way for the Bolsheviks lay clear. The Bolsheviks took it easily and held their own—by promises to the proletariat, by bribery to the peasants, by exterminating the bourgeoisie, and muzzling all articulate Russia. And those who realized and feared the Bolshevik dictatorship of the proletariat, because they knew that, in the circumstances, it meant the ruin of Russia, were few and helpless against the elemental desire for land of all the millions of illiterate peasants, whose voice the Bolsheviks pretended to be the voice of Russia that had become articulate after the fall of the Tsardom, and clamoured for a peace at any price. As a matter of fact, Russia has not yet become articulate; the giant land has merely uttered inarticulate noises and stretched itself, awakening after a century's long sleep. When Russia actually awakes and becomes articulate the European sympathizers with the Bolsheviks will be horrified at the extent of the innocence, to call it no worse, displayed by them during the heyday of the Bolshevik régime.

The crux of the question is not whether the Bolsheviks are German-paid agents, whether the horrors and atrocities which they perpetrated are the most hideous and heinous ever committed, or whether Kolchak and Denikin are better. The question is: Bolshevism and the International dictatorship of the proletariat at once and everywhere, or something else. In that light—and only in that is it possible—Bolshevism ceases to be a purely Russian question; it becomes an immediate and universal question, Lenin and a few more outspoken Bolsheviks have never made a secret of it: they have shouted it from the house-tops. It is only the honest brokers outside Russia who falsify the Bolshevik tenets, who shilly-shally and coquet with Bolshevism, trying to translate Bolshevism into threadbare political terms—no annexation, self-determination of nationalities—or into the "moral" terms of abolition of speculation, ravenous capitalism and prostitution. Of course the "honest brokers" know perfectly well where the gravamen of Bolshevism lies. But . . . Russia is so different, so far away. There is no fear of the real brand of Bolshevism here, now: the piano sin the workmen's parlours and their savings, in the bank are the strongest bulwark against applied Bolshevism. Why then not coquet with the Russian Bolshevism? Why not use it as a deterrent against our own troglodytes? After all, Russia does not very much matter either way.

Mme. Tyrkova's book will shatter a great many "benevolent" illusions, and—who knows?—perhaps an honest pen may help Russia now, seeing that the sword is not all-powerful.

S. K.

Edith M. Coker tells *SECRETS OF THE FLOWERS* (Jarrold, 56 pp., 3s. 6d. net), and Florence M. Anderson illustrates them fancifully with fairies. Each flower is described as receiving a blessing from the great King for some deed of kindness performed by it.—Evelyn Ross also tells about *THE FAIRIES IN MY GARDEN* (Marshall Brothers, 45 pp., 2s. 6d.) for much younger children. Vera's drawings on very black backgrounds are more likely, we think, to frighten than to please quite small children.

Another addition to the "Bunnykin Books" is *THE STORY OF THE SAUCY SQUIRREL*, by Alan Wright (Jarrold, 40 pp., 3s. 6d. net)—a simple story in large print, illustrated in colour and as amusing as its fellows in the series.

## THE PROBLEM OF BOY-WORK

BOY-WORK: EXPLOITATION OR TRAINING? By the Rev. Spence J. Gibb. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

**W**E hope that the appearance of this book will hasten the general recognition that boy labour is, of necessity, the most serious of all the many problems connected with the reconstruction of our educational system. However complete may be the machinery of the Fisher Act, the benefits will be much diminished if the young people who attend the schools are employed in unsuitable work. As Mr. Gibb shows, when a boy leaves the day school his work becomes the main influence of his life. If it is cramping to his mind or injurious to his body, educational or social amenities can do but little for him. Although the demoralizing effects of unsuitable work are generally recognized, the physical consequences, no less disastrous, are less often considered; but Mr. Gibb points out rightly that growing youths are very susceptible to fatigue and overstrain, which may cause serious or even permanent injury.

In his chapter on "Work" the author states the factors which contribute to untrained boy labour, which in turn leads to unemployment. The main cause is the mistaken tendency to regard the youth as a worker, and not as a learner. This is closely allied with the decay of apprenticeship, which itself is in part a result of specialization in production, and the increasing use of machinery. These are, no doubt, permanent elements in industrial life, but this is not a reason why the principle of the boy as learner should not be re-established. We are now in a period of transition; apprenticeship, in fact, if not in name, is decreasing, while the systems of training which will probably take its place are not yet fully utilized.

Undoubtedly the most important chapter is that on "The Choice of Work." This contains Mr. Gibb's chief contribution to the problem. It deals with an aspect of boy labour which is capable of immediate treatment, the aimless way in which young people plunge into work. The reasonable manner to enter on a career is first to decide on the kind of work to do and then seek an opening in that occupation. In practice this is not done; the boy usually leaves school with no place to go to. He is anxious to join the ranks of workers, and he takes the first thing that offers, most frequently some form of "blind-alley" or "non-probationary" work. Here is the seed of all future troubles, for when a boy has been thus engaged a year or two his chances of entering a skilled trade are slight indeed. This haphazard method of starting work is almost inevitable in present conditions. The difficulties of wise vocational selection are great, intimate acquaintance with industrial conditions and opportunities is needed, and it is beyond reason to expect parents to possess this. The facile plea that parents demand a high immediate wage for their children is not accepted by Mr. Gibb, who is here in agreement with other observers in this field. The main cause of the lack of judgment with which boys enter industry is the want of information.

Preparatory to offering his solution the author sketches the various agencies which are interested in the vocational guidance of boys and girls, and indicates their value and their limitations. All who come into contact with young people try to help them, yet the ground is not nearly covered. Employment bureaux reach a fraction only of the boys; Skilled Employment Associations deal mainly with skilled manual trades; while teachers and social workers lack the necessary knowledge of industrial life. These criticisms are, in the main, correct. Parents and children appear to distrust or disregard the Employment Exchanges, while the advice and information which it is the function of the Advisory Committees to give are rarely adequately or systematically supplied. The best method

seems to be, as Mr. Gibb suggests, a combination of the two official organizations, the Labour Exchange of the Board of Trade and the Advisory Committee of the Educational Authority.

The function of the Labour Exchange, through its connection with the industrial world, is to collect information on occupations and to register applications from employers and employees. The work of the Advisory Committee is to act as a clearing-house for boys and for information concerning occupations, to arrange the information in a manner suitable to young people and to communicate it to them through the teachers in the schools. There are several advantages in giving such instruction in schools; not only do the great majority of our children attend the State schools, but in school they have time to study the subject of employment before they are forced to look for a post. Further, the machinery for Mr. Gibb's plan of vocational guidance already exists, and merely requires co-ordination.

The first step is to collect and arrange the material in a simple and popular form, which can be readily understood by the boys and their parents. A good way to present the data is by diagrams showing the occupations in outline, and giving the information a boy should possess before he enters the calling—the main divisions, the methods of entry, the grades of work, the avenues of advancement, and some indication of the prospects the vocation offers. These diagrams would arouse the boy's interest and set him definitely thinking about what he is going to be. Above all, they would show him that it is his duty to think about the subject, to learn about occupation, and to find out what he is embarking upon. The disadvantages of blind-alley and unskilled employment could well be illustrated by drawings that would impress the boys. Some of the material in the Poor Law Report of 1909 is excellently suited to this method of treatment; and diagrams based on this report, showing the after-career of errand boys, the preponderance of unskilled applicants for relief, the relative wages of skilled and unskilled men, would have a considerable effect on boys' minds.

Graphical methods could well be supplemented by reading books and pamphlets, as Mr. Gibb suggests, which could be put directly into the hands of the boys. In addition to the information on specific occupations material might be added on the necessity to study occupations, the importance of entering a skilled trade, the need for education and technical training, and kindred topics. An important effect of giving the information thus directly to the boys would be that they would become active partners in the task of solving the problem of boy labour, and since the choice of work ultimately rests with them their influence would be far-reaching.

The value of pre-vocational instruction would be seen in several directions. It would show us where to put the emphasis in our educational work, and it would provide a useful help in classifying pupils for the new Continuation Schools. Mr. Gibb shows, in his chapter upon them, that the influence of these schools will depend on the aptness with which they are connected with the working lives of the scholars. If the boy is in an occupation which interests him he will welcome additional knowledge on it, whereas if he is in uncongenial work, studies connected with it will be only an added burden.

In the chapter on "The Reform of Boy Work" the author demonstrates the need for an investigation into the qualities which make for efficiency. It may be suggested that interests form a valuable indication of character and temperament, and that, without waiting for the day when psychological tests are fully accepted, more attention might be given to a boy's own indications and ambitions.

S. A. WILLIAMS.

## SCIENCE IN WONDERLAND

THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND : THE STORY OF AN EXPEDITION.  
By Mrs. Scoresby Routledge. (Sifton, Praed & Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

**M**ANA means in the language of the Pacific "good luck." Wherefore Mr. and Mrs. Routledge, when planning a voyage of some hundred thousand miles to extort from the Pacific its inmost secret, did well to name their yacht accordingly. The best of luck was theirs from start to finish, thanks to the name of power under which they sailed. Though Von Spee's squadron made Easter Island its rendezvous; though the natives indulged in an uprising which, if handled nervously, might have had disastrous results; though the good ship *Mana* had to find her way home through the would-be blockade of the prowling submarines: yet always the luck held good. As for the book, it is almost superfluous to wish it good luck too. The man or woman who cannot enjoy it and likewise learn from it must have the brains and bowels of an Easter Island image of stone.

It is necessary to pass rapidly over the incidents of the voyage as such; yet much might be said concerning them. Mrs. Routledge is a perfect hostess and makes us feel thoroughly at home on board. We get to know everyone intimately from cabin to fo'c'sle, sympathize with them when they put their nose into a sou'wester at the start, are duly shocked, though hardly surprised, when South American ports produce a few backsliders among the crew, admire the excellent seamanship of the sailing-master (who, alas! brought this long voyage to completion without serious accident to ship or man, only to fall in action some two years later as sub-lieutenant in the R.N.R.), and, generally, are throughout in touch with the sea-story that forms the setting of the piece. In this context we must likewise congratulate Mr. Routledge on the account he appends of the voyage home. So breezy is it that our hair was stiff with ocean salt by the time we were through with it.

Then, again, it is impossible to do justice here to a moving panorama of scenes such as an ancient buccaneer could scarcely have matched out of his roving experience. Considerable space is devoted to Magellan Strait and the Patagonian channels running northward to the Gulf of Peñas. It was worth while; for this maze of waterways that mark the sinuosities of a founded mountain country is largely unexplored and uncharted, so that brand-new geographical knowledge was acquired by the way. Of the many islands visited the most interesting, perhaps, apart from Easter Island, was Pitcairn, the narrow stage of that tragedy with a happy ending which is known to fame as the mutiny of the *Bounty*. Two descendants of Midshipman Young, one of the mutineers, helped to work the yacht back to England, and were in due course presented to the King at Buckingham Palace. A word, too, must be spared for the islet Socorro, of which, we confess, we had never heard before. Here were discovered the makings of a first-rate detective story, and one of which the dénouement in its shameless actuality violates all the rules of reasonable fiction; but we forbear from giving the plot away.

But *majora canamus*, or, in plain English, let us proceed to the anthropology. Easter Island is two thousand miles from anywhere. How then does it come to possess hundreds of stone statues, some of them more than thirty feet high, not to speak of tablets covered with a script? It has always been a mystery, ever since Roggeveen, the Dutchman, on Easter Day, 1722, discovered the island and marvelled at the "remarkable tall stone figures," and Gonzalez, the Spaniard, arriving next in 1770, found the natives able to countersign with a script of their own the document whereby he took formal possession. Cook

and La Pérouse were each there within the following decade, and greatly helped to make the statues known by their spirited if not very accurate delineations of them. In their time, be it noted, the images still stood upright along the coast on the hundred *ahu* or burial platforms of stone over which they solemnly presided, their giant backs to the sea. It would seem, however, that they were then no longer venerated or even cared for, whereas half a century before, if Roggeveen is to be believed, they were objects of worship. To-day every one of the *ahu* statues lies prone. How and why this happened is not known, though native tradition hints that wrecking monuments was here, as elsewhere, once reckoned part of the noble game of war. Only in one spot are there standing images, and these fairly numerous, namely, at Rano Raraku, the crater-mountain, whence all the statues (as apart from their circular "hats," which came from another and distant hill) were hewed; witness some hundred and fifty unfinished figures that lie in the quarries as their makers left them.

The present natives can tell us nothing about the statues; but, thanks to slave-raiders, imported diseases, and other blessings of civilization, they are now but a miserable remnant, some two hundred and fifty in all; whereas Cook estimates them at three, Gonzalez at four, and La Pérouse at eight times that number. For the folk of to-day statues are just a part of nature. "Have you none of them at home?" they inquired of the explorers in a tone in which surprise and contempt were delicately blended. Not so, however, with the script. It was in use till yesterday; in fact, the last expert was even now on his death-bed, and Mrs. Routledge, straining to extract meaning from his confused utterances, learned something. If perhaps not all, it was enough to make it probable that the signs were but ideograms, aids to memory whereby a thought, but not necessarily the same thought twice, was handed on, as by means of the knots in a handkerchief.

Meanwhile, there is a third class of archaeological puzzles for which the *Mana* expedition provides a very fair solution. Another crater-mountain, Rano Kao, which forms the western headland of the island, is capped by a deserted stone village known as Orongo. Its pavement and the upstanding rocks around it are covered with curious carvings, some partly obliterated by time, the perpetual theme of which is a human figure, often carrying an egg, and with a bird's head. What do these mean? Bit by bit Mrs. Routledge managed to put together the ritual features of a bird-cult of which this headland and certain rocky islets lying a little way out to sea were the theatre. The details cannot be given here, and it must suffice to say that the main object was to secure the first egg laid on the outermost islet by the Sooty Tern which visits these parts in September, the spring of southern latitudes. The fortunate finder (who as a matter of fact did his birdsnesting by proxy) was Bird-man for the year, and as such was so holy that he must live apart for five months near the other mountain where the images are; nay, so very holy was he that during this time he must never wash. This cult, then, whatever its precise significance for the history of religion, is quite enough to account for the carvings, which are presumably memorials of bird-men. But a remarkable fact is that the figures often seem to represent, not the local Tern, but the Frigate-bird with its unmistakable hooked bill and gular pouch; the cult of which is characteristic of the far-off Solomon Group. Clearly, then, Melanesians brought the bird-cult to Easter Island.

Did Melanesians likewise introduce the statues and the script? In a chapter devoted to questions of origin which is a model of judicious reasoning Mrs. Routledge, helped by the researches of Mr. Henry Balfour and others, makes out a strong case for supposing that Melanesian influences

are discoverable in certain features of the statues. Such are the distended lobes of the ears, and the beak-like shape of the face, a trait repeated in the wooden figures that constitute a fourth class of Easter Island wonders; while bird-like forms recur in various symbols of the script. On the other hand, a whiter race of Polynesians seems to have subsequently arrived and secured dominancy. These may have brought with them that megalithic habit which displays itself here and there throughout the Pacific; yet in any case they must have assimilated the pre-existing Melanesian culture so far as to borrow its leading themes. For the rest, wood is almost non-existent in Easter Island, whereas the volcanic rock is easily shaped even with stone tools; so that, apart from imported tendencies, the trend of local development would favour a stone industry that needed but a genius or two to turn it into a world wonder. Anyway, a world wonder it is, however it came into being; and this book, with its lively style and beautiful illustrations, will bring the wonder home to all.

R. R. M.

## HUMANITY AND THE HUMANITIES

**ASPECTS, AORISTS AND THE CLASSICAL TRIPoS.** By Jane Ellen Harrison. (Cambridge, University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

If we were asked by one of the new generation, which is to have little Latin and less Greek, why those studies bear the name of the Humanities (a name very dear to us), we should be inclined to reply by putting Miss Harrison's pamphlet into his hands. He might not understand it wholly; but if he had any small part of that music in his soul without which life is harsh and education profits nothing, he would not fail to respond to the influence which it breathes. For it is fragrant with the Humanities, and quick with a sensitive and tender curiosity into matters which are the deep concern of the human soul. It speaks no dooms, is not sententious or forbidding, and seeks only to understand the subtle half-lights which are the fullest illumination of the human mind. And when our disciple had sufficiently apprehended the nature of the spirit which reasoned with him in Miss Harrison's pages, we should say: That is what the Humanities may do for you.

For this pamphlet is on the very border line between humanity and the Humanities. In it we see the one changing into the other and changing back again. For the grammarian it is a discussion of the relation between the aorist of the Greek and the aspects of the Russian verb; for other people—well, something quite different. Miss Harrison approaches language as an index of the soul, and by its means she touches the depths. What is the real implication, she asks, of the vital distinction which the Russian language maintains between the perfective and imperfective aspects of the verb? And she first defines the perfective aspect with the help of the Greek aorist. The perfective denotes a relation, or an action that has been abstracted, as it were, from time, an action that can be regarded as a finished cycle, and therefore removed by the mind from what the logical temperament considers the contagion, and another kind of temperament the friendly contact, of immediate experience. Thus, in *ἄστε λέων ἔχαμη* the joy of the lion has been set out of time, and made inherent in his lionhood. In making that distinction between actions still saturated by immediate experience and those which could be contemplated as independent of time, the human mind took a great forward leap. It asserted the existence of a world apart from the sensation of the percipient, and the foundation of the mighty achievement we know as Western civilization was laid.

But instead of continuing to express both attitudes in language, the West, and above all the Latin languages,

have tended to concentrate upon the perfective aspect, and have suffered the imperfective aspect to decay until it is almost wholly lost. In other words, the West has insisted—and the great triumph of the West lies exactly in this—upon the objectification of experience. In Russian objectification and subjectification (if two such cumbersome words may be forgiven) have been maintained together as having equal validity. The Russian imperfective aspect regards an action for its own sake, as an experience shared and felt by the speaker, not analysed or judged by him. It marks the unconscious endeavour of a race to retain the instrument by which all human action may be made part of its own immediate experience, and thus, as it were, "lived into."

We believe that the very subtle combination of analysis and "living into" which is the method of Miss Harrison's pamphlet has led her to a conclusion which is as sound as it is fascinating. She has been enabled to touch the inmost secret of the Russian attitude, and to isolate the essence of Russian literature. She has reached her goal by her own path, and by so doing she has vindicated once more the adequacy of the Humanities as a means by which all human experience may be formulated and understood. Her final appeal that the student of language may be allowed to choose one modern and one ancient language for his Tripos, and her suggestion that the wise student will choose Greek and Russian, concern us here merely as showing that Humanities engender a sympathetic concern for the coming generation. Certainly no argument could have put her case more persuasively than her pamphlet, which deals, as we have tried to show, with things quite other than the Tripos.

J. M. M.

## ANNUALS, ETC.

PROMINENT among the Annuals is THE SUNDAY AT HOME, and the substantial volume for 1918-19 (R.T.S., 763 pp., 13s. 6d. net) will keep up the good name of the magazine. It is well printed, and the editor is broad-minded and charitable as shown by the inclusion of such articles as "After the Battle," recording instances of kindness shown by Germans as well as French and British, and "The Rhine: a River of Romance and Beauty." The latter has some good illustrations—as, indeed, have many of the other articles.

The fortieth volume of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER (R.T.S., 672 pp., 13s. 6d. net) well keeps its place amongst the Annuals, and contains, as in former years, much useful information and many interesting stories.

THE CHILD'S COMPANION is the oldest of children's periodicals, and the ninety-sixth volume (R.T.S., 140 pp., 2s. 6d. net), besides interesting and instructive articles and pictures, contains a facsimile of the first page of the first number, issued in 1824. Boys and girls will thus see how much more fortunate they are than their grandparents or great-grandparents.

SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND. By Basil Hood. (Harrap, 186 pp., 5/- n.)—Whatever may be the truth concerning St. George, the prominent elements in this version of his story are, as stated in the exordium, courage, humility, and faith; and the volume should be a fitting gift for any English child. Four of Miss Appleton's tasteful drawings in colour illustrate the text.

PAT'S THIRD TERM. By Christine Chaundler. (Milford, 279 pp., 5/- n.)—Pat is an impulsive, but honest schoolgirl with a genius for getting into trouble; and one of her escapades leads to the whole school being put into quarantine. Her colleagues, in indignation, send her "to Coventry," and she gets a good deal of unfair treatment. But she finishes her third term by saving the life of her greatest enemy and becomes the heroine of the school.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS send us specimens of this season's Royal Christmas cards. The King's card represents Henry VIII. landing at Calais on his way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and the Queen's card represents England and her daughters embroidering the Royal Standard.

## A POST-WAR AND A VICTORIAN NOVEL

*Cousin Philip.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 7s. net.)  
*Benjy.* By George Stevenson. (Lane. 7s. net.)

THOSE gentle readers who fell some years ago under the fascinations of Delia Blanchflower, an ardent feminist, aged twenty-two, who was placed at her father's dying wish under the guardianship of a still youthful, courteous English gentleman of caressing manners, but stamped by a mysterious sorrow, will find a very similar thrill waiting for them to-day in the person of Helena Pitstone, heroine of "*Cousin Philip*," an ardent "modern," aged nineteen, who was placed at her mother's dying wish under the guardianship of a still youthful, courteous English gentleman of caressing manners, but stamped by an even more mysterious sorrow. In both cases the extremely beautiful young ladies resent bitterly this interference with their personal liberty and declare war against their guardians; both desire to be friendly with a gentleman who has been mixed up in an unpleasant divorce case, both reluctantly fall in love with the enemy, and both come to recognize the old, old charm of man's strength and woman's weakness. Delia, tripping on a flight of steps, falls and is caught by quick strong fingers; Helena, stepping out of a boat, falls and has the like experience.

But in order delightfully to confound those readers who have put white strings in their bonnets against a second, similar wedding, Mrs. Ward gives her new heroine to Another. We are not satisfied. Helena ought to have married Cousin Philip and filled his house with the clamour of innocent children. She ought to have removed the pucker from that distinguished brow, given him back his old enthusiasm for life, and perhaps even, by and by, persuaded him to take up his sketching again—but it was not to be. The times have changed; the pace has quickened; lower, deeper notes have been struck. What was in Mark Winnington the gentle sorrow of seeing the girl to whom he was engaged pine away and die becomes in the case of Cousin Philip the agony of a wild Bohemian wife returning to die in the Vicarage at the very gates of his Park, leaving a mentally defective child of whose existence he had hitherto been unaware. And strangely, Mrs. Ward makes us feel that the larger tragedy is not of her choosing; it cuts across the flowing lines of her book, spoiling the pattern. How much more suitable if the wife were well and truly dead in a foreign town, and the little boy just pathetically lame enough to discover in the eyes of Helena the shadow of a brooding tenderness! But the war, widening our horizons, demands the wider view.

"Cousin Philip" is from first to last a post-war novel. As we have suggested, it is the story of a wild girl's taming. From the moment of her entrance, complete even to khaki leggings, driving the great Rolls-Royce and roundly scolding the discomfited chauffeur at her side, it is Helena alone who carries the book upon her radiant shoulders. She is, we are given most clearly to understand, the kind of girl that the war has produced and—what is to be done with her, in fine, now that the canteens are closed and there are no more wounded soldiers to fetch from the railway stations? Here is this dazzling, imperious creature, the living image of one of the Romney sketches of Lady Hamilton as a bacchante, talking slang with the ardour of a small boy after his first term at school, snubbing her elders, laying down the law, having as many "boys" as she pleases, and demanding that she shall be told why a bad man is bad. What is to be done with Helena Pitstone, defying the world, crying that:

The chauffeur here is a fractious idiot. He has done that Rolls-Royce car of Cousin Philip's balmy, and cut up quite rough when I told him about it?

No wonder Cousin Philip and the chaperon, "a person of gentle manners and quiet antecedents," whom he has chosen to help him, are martyrs to misgivings; no wonder Mrs. Ward cannot resist piling delicate agony upon delicate agony until we are brim full of anticipatory shudders. And then quite suddenly we are aware that the author is quietly laughing at her creation and our tremors. What is all this bother about? What is all this nonsense about freedom and life on one's own? There is the good old-fashioned remedy ready to hand that never fails, even in the most serious of cases—marriage and children. It will be a supreme consolation for distracted parents to read that their young people are just like any other young people. True, they have been through a trying experience at a critical period, but there is no reason why it should have any lasting effect. Think once more of Delia Blanchflower and the dreadful part she played in the Militant Suffrage Movement—and yet love won the day. Once they find the right man to look after them and are kept busy and out of mischief furnishing the little nest, modern women will be as safe as their grandmothers. Once they find the right partners. But suppose, we find ourselves asking as we lay the book aside, there should not be enough partners to go round? In the world of "*Cousin Philip*" such questions are not asked, much less answered.

"We go not, but we are carried; as things that float; now gliding gently; now hulling violently; according as the water is either storm or calm." These words, which Mr. Stevenson quotes as a heading to Part IV. of his "*Benjy*," might well be applied to the whole. In them is contained the spirit of the book—a something gentle that neither protests nor demands, but bows before the inevitable and is resigned. It is an account of the lives and fortunes of a country doctor and his family from the year 1859, when Johnnie marries his Priscilla, to 1914, when "*Benjy*," one of the younger children and now a middle-aged man, bids his favourite sister "good-bye" the night he leaves for France. The author's demands upon us are very gentle. He invites the reader to accompany him to where the little spring first outgushes, to follow its course over difficult stony ground to where it flows wide and shallow through fields of childhood, on, ever widening and deepening until it breaks into many tiny rivulets that lose one another, meet again, part, but never again mingle. A curious mixture of reminiscence and quiet speculation is characteristic of the author's style during his pious pilgrimage. He pauses, broods over this and that, reaches forward and looks backward, until we feel it would make little or no difference were we to read the book from the end to the beginning, rather than the common way. But this leisurely style has its special temptations. It affords the author far too many opportunities for poking sly fun at tiny incidents that will not bear being thus isolated, for involving them in nets of fantastical words (in which they quite disappear from sight) until, carried away by the amusing exercise, he finds it very difficult to recapture the thread of his story.

But as long as the twelve little Ainsworth children are at home and running about in their father's fields and their mother's house, "*Benjy*" is not without a certain charm. It is difficult to make the memories of an early childhood spent in a fine freedom from surveillance uninteresting. We like to hear about their special ways, to wander over the old-fashioned house, to be shown their secret haunts and to be told that the sheep were called Mrs. Flop, Mrs. Slop and Mrs. Nan. It is only when they grow older and come into touch with the world that Mr. Stevenson fails lamentably. The quaint, old-fashioned children are replaced by plain, strange young men and women, and the author in his effort to convince us of Benjy's purity of heart pours over him such a great pale flood of sentimentality that he is drowned before our eyes.

K. M.

## PERSONAL SATIRE IN "GULLIVER"

PROFESSOR FIRTH, in his lecture on "The Political Side of Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,'" told the British Academy on December 10 that Swift, in the sketches and episodes combined from time to time into the narrative of Gulliver's four imaginary voyages, introduced portraits, caricatures, and indirect hits aimed at contemporary persons who could be identified. Evidently, "Gulliver's Travels" resembles many works of that era in being a *roman à clef*. The first sketch of the story dates from 1714, but the most important parts were written when Swift had had a more intimate experience of political life. In the voyage to Lilliput, Swift altered the original idea of Gulliver and made his hero represent himself. The anger of the queen at Gulliver's outrageous method of putting out the fire at the palace refers to Anne's displeasure at the indecency of Swift's writings—displeasure fomented by the Duchess of Somerset, whom he had lampooned, and who was one of the most zealous opponents of his claims to a bishopric. Skyrus Bolgolam, Gulliver's mortal enemy at the court of Lilliput, is the Earl of Nottingham, who also opposed the Dean's preferment. Making this minister "High Admiral" was a shrewd hit, Nottingham having been a First Lord of the Admiralty *pour rire*. Later on, Gulliver seems to stand for Bolingbroke, who also brought a war with France (*Blefuscu*) to an end, and was impeached and obliged to leave England for not carrying it on more gloriously. Flimnap is Walpole, who revived the Orders of the Thistle, the Bath, and the Garter—scoffed at in the green, red, and blue ribbons which were the highest court distinctions at Lilliput. The struggling parties Tramecksan and Slamecksan or high-heels and low-heels represent, of course, the Tories and the Whigs or the High Church and the Low Church parties. Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, may be identified with Carteret. The King of Brobdingnag expresses the views on English life and politics which Swift had set forth in his pamphlets. The flying island of Laputa is England, which Sir W. Temple had spoken of as a "floating island" drawn hither and thither by the tides—of faction. It hovers over, subjugates, and threatens with complete destruction a low-lying country typifying Ireland, then suffering under absentee landlords, forced consumption of English manufactures, and other grievances. Ireland had opposed Wood's halfpence and successfully resisted other attempts to crush her—almost breaking the adamantine bottom of the flying island, in other words defeating the Government machinery for bringing her completely under. The Old Irish, reduced to subjection and savagery, and with no hope, according to the "Modest Proposal," but to provide an article of food for the New Irish and the English, suggested the Yahoos, who are said to be inferior to the ass as a beast for domestic use—the ass had been recently introduced in Ireland.

## GIFT-BOOKS

D. L. R. AND E. O. LORIMER have translated some charming stories, full of that grave, matter-of-fact, fantastic nonsense which children love, and published them under the title PERSIAN TALES (Macmillan, 354 pp., 20s. net). Some of the stories remind one of the shorter, more irresponsible tales in the Grimm collection, though they are clothed, of course, in Oriental dress. They are told in sensible, straightforward language, and illustrated with simple pictures in black and white and colour by Hilda Roberts.

SOME BRITISH BALLADS (Constable, 170 pp., 16s. net) include forty or fifty ballads drawn from among the best-known works of the kind, like "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Binnorie," and from among pieces which deserve to be better known, such as the charming "Get up and bar the Door." Of Mr. Rackham's illustrations we need only say that they are "Rackhamish," qualifying this praise with the remark that they seem, to our taste at least, better than usual, inasmuch as they are drawn in a less fantastically tortured style than some of his earlier pictures.

A delightful pocket edition of PETER PAN, simplified for little people, and illustrated throughout in colour, has been published by Messrs. Bell (92 pp., 2s.).

## Science

### THE ANATOMY OF DESIRE

#### II. PRIMITIVE DESIRE IN HUMAN BEINGS

COMING now to human beings, and to what we know about our own actions, it seems clear that what, with us, sets a behaviour-cycle in motion is some sensation of the sort which we call disagreeable. Take the case of hunger. We have first an uncomfortable feeling inside, producing a disinclination to sit still, a sensitiveness to savoury smells and an attraction towards any food that there may be in our neighbourhood. At any moment during this process we may become aware that we are hungry, in the sense of saying to ourselves "I am hungry"; but we may have been acting with reference to food for some time before this moment. While we are talking or reading, we may eat in complete unconsciousness; but we perform the actions of eating just as we should if we were conscious, and they cease when our hunger is appeased. What we call "consciousness" seems to be a mere spectator of the process; even when it issues orders, they are usually, like those of a wise parent, just such as would have been obeyed even if they had not been given. This view may seem at first exaggerated, but the more our so-called volitions and their causes are examined, the more it is forced upon us. The part played by words in all this is complicated, and a potent source of confusions; but I shall ignore it for the present, since I am still concerned with primitive desire, as it exists in man, but in the form in which man shows his affinity to his animal ancestors.

Conscious desire is made up partly of what is essential to desire, partly of beliefs as to what we want; what is essential to primitive desire is not cognitive. The primitive non-cognitive element in desire seems to be a push, not a pull, an impulsion away from the actual, rather than an attraction towards the ideal. Certain sensations and other mental occurrences have a property which we call *discomfort*; these cause such bodily movements as are likely to lead to their cessation. When the discomfort ceases, or even when it appreciably diminishes, we have sensations possessing a property which we call *pleasure*. Pleasurable sensations either stimulate no action at all, or at most stimulate such action as is likely to prolong them. I shall return shortly to the consideration of what discomfort and pleasure are in themselves; for the present, it is their connection with action and desire that concerns us. Hungry animals, we may suppose, experience sensations involving discomfort, and stimulating such movements as seem likely to bring them to the food which is outside the cages. When they have reached the food and eaten it, their discomfort ceases and their sensations become pleasurable. It *seems*, mistakenly, as if the animals had had this situation in mind throughout, when in fact they have been continually pushed by discomfort. And when an animal is reflective, like some men, it comes to think that it had the final situation in mind throughout; sometimes it comes to know what situation will bring satisfaction, so that in fact the discomfort does bring the thought of what will allay it. Nevertheless, the sensation involving discomfort remains the prime mover.

This brings us to the question of the nature of discomfort and pleasure. There are, broadly, three theories that might be held in regard to them. We may regard them as separate existing items in those who experience them, or we may regard them as intrinsic qualities of sensations and other mental occurrences, or we may regard them as mere names for the causal characteristics of the occurrences which are uncomfortable or pleasant. The first of these theories, namely that which regards discomfort and pleasure as actual contents in those who experience

them, has, I think, not much to be said in its favour. It is suggested chiefly by an ambiguity in the word "pain," which has misled many people, including Berkeley, whom it supplied with one of his arguments for subjective idealism. We may use "pain" as the opposite of "pleasure," and "painful" as the opposite of "pleasant," or we may use "pain" to mean a certain sort of sensation, on a level with the sensations of heat and cold and touch. The latter use of the word has prevailed in psychological literature, and it is now no longer used as the opposite of "pleasure."\*

The confusion between discomfort and pain has made people regard discomfort as a more substantial thing than it is, and this in turn has reacted upon the view taken of pleasure, since discomfort and pleasure are evidently on a level in this respect. As soon as discomfort is clearly distinguished from the sensation of pain, it becomes more natural to regard discomfort and pleasure as properties of mental occurrences than to regard them as separate mental occurrences on their own account. I shall therefore dismiss the view that they are separate mental occurrences, and regard them as properties of such experiences as would be called respectively uncomfortable and pleasant.

It remains to be examined whether they are actual qualities of such occurrences, or are merely differences as to causal properties. I do not myself see any way of deciding this question; either view seems equally capable of accounting for the facts. If this is true, it is safer to avoid the assumption that there are such intrinsic qualities of mental occurrences as are in question, and to assume only the causal differences which are undeniable. Without condemning the intrinsic theory, we can define discomfort and pleasure as consisting in causal properties, and say only what will hold on either of the two theories. Following this course, we shall say :

"Discomfort" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question stimulates voluntary or reflex movements tending to produce some more or less definite change involving the cessation of the occurrence.

"Pleasure" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question either does not stimulate any voluntary or reflex movement, or, if it does, stimulates only such as tend to prolong the occurrence in question.

These definitions need to be supplemented by a definition of the sort of movements that can be called "voluntary" or "reflex." The movements of our bodies are of three sorts, mechanical, reflex, and voluntary. By a "mechanical" movement I mean one which does not depend upon the special properties of nervous tissue. When a man falls over a precipice, his nervous tissue behaves as so much ponderable matter, except in so far as he struggles while in mid-air. Just as we distinguish chemical properties of certain sorts of matter from physical properties of all matter, so we distinguish physiological properties of living matter from properties which it shares with dead matter. Mechanical movements are such as do not involve the special properties of living matter. All our other movements are either voluntary or reflex, and for our purposes it is unnecessary to discriminate between these two kinds of movement.

The view of desire to which we have so far been led differs widely from the ordinary view, which regards desire as in its essence an attitude towards something imagined, not actual, called the "end" of the desire, and the "purpose" of any action resulting from the desire. The discomfort associated with unsatisfied desire, and the actions which are said to aim at satisfying desire, are both, on this

view, effects of the desire. Our chief argument, so far against this view, has been that we can judge of desires from the outside. It remains to examine desire in the form in which it is accompanied by the idea of an "end" or "purpose." My contention will be that desire of this sort only differs from primitive desire by the addition of a belief which is often erroneous, and has very little connection with what gives operative force to the desire.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

## SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—November 19.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair. Mr. Wilfred S. Lewis was elected a Fellow.

A paper on "The Pleistocene Deposits around Cambridge" was read by Professor J. E. Marr. It dealt with the deposits in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge, and contained new records of sections, fossils, and implements. The author suggested the following chronological sequence, in descending order, the feet giving the approximate height above sea level :

	Feet.
(1) Barnwell Station Beds .....	20
(2) Newer Downing Site Beds .....	35
(3) Newer Barnwell Village Beds .....	45
(4) Huntingdon Road Clays .....	70
(5) Observatory Beds .....	85
(6) Corbicula Gravels (Barnwell village, etc.) ...	30

Taking the beds in the order of reputed age, the following observations were noted :—

Chellean implements have been found at low levels at Barnwell and Chesterton, and may belong to the beds 1. The Observatory Beds have yielded abundant implements of Chellean, Acheulean, and early Mousterian types, the last-named apparently in deposits later than those containing the two first-named. Unfortunately mollusca and mammalia are very rare in these beds. The Huntingdon Road Clays require much further work, and it is not clear that they are newer than the Observatory Beds.

The beds referred to the Newer Barnwell Village Series contain abundant remains of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, and fairly numerous horse-bones. Implements associated with them suggest an Upper Palæolithic age.

The Newer Downing Site Beds have yielded a cold molluscan fauna. They are probably somewhat earlier than the Barnwell Station Series, which has furnished a similar molluscan fauna, and also an Arctic flora, the plants of which were identified by the late Mr. Clement Reid. Reindeer occurs in these beds.

The paper was chiefly a record of facts, but was intended to be preliminary to a detailed survey of the Pleistocene deposits of the Great Ouse Basin, which are so important as throwing light upon the relationship of the Palæolithic beds to the glacial accumulations, and also to the marine beds of March and the Nar Valley.

Sir William Boyd Dawkins, Mr. Reginald Smith, Mr. W. Whitaker, Mr. M. C. Burkitt and the President took part in the discussion.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—December 11.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. O. M. Dalton described a small ivory panel found near St. Cross, and now in the Winchester Museum. The subject was two adoring angels, and the style that of the Winchester school of illumination at its best period; the date might be even earlier than A.D. 1000. Mr. Dalton afterwards discussed a carved marble slab from Mafarkin in N. Mesopotamia, said to have come from a church. On one side it bore, with other subjects, the double-headed eagle; on the other, two griffins at a fountain surrounded by a pine-cone. The origin of the bicephalous bird was traced to Asia, and the pine-cone, in association with purifying water, connected with Assyrian lustral practice. Mr. Dalton finally showed a detail from the mosaic pavement discovered at Umm Jerar, not far from Gaza, during the advance upon Palestine. This represented a phenix upon a fire-altar of Persian type, and is perhaps the oldest known example of an illustration to the Greek Bestiary, or Physiologus. As the pavement was made about the middle of the sixth century, and the earliest Physiologus miniatures date from about A.D. 1100, the illustration of the Bestiary in the East must have begun quite early. This was always conjectured to have been the case, but hitherto actual examples had been lacking.

The President exhibited the "Breadalbane" penannular brooch. The brooch, which is a large one of silver gilt, is of kindred workmanship to the well-known Tara and Londesborough examples, and dates from about the year 780 A.D.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 19. Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Cutting Power of Lathe Turning Tools," Part II., Mr. G. W. Burley.

Mon. 22. King's College, 5.30.—"The Slovak Problem," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

Cf. "Sensation and the Cerebral Cortex," by Dr. Henry Head, *Brain*, Vol. XLI. Part II (Sept., 1918), p. 90.

## Fine Arts

### ROBBIA HERALDRY

ROBBIA HERALDRY. By Allan Marquand. (Princeton, N.J., Princeton University Press; London, Milford. 42s. net.)

FIVE years ago Mr. Allan Marquand, Professor of Art and Archaeology in Princeton University, published a monograph on Luca della Robbia which was at once generally recognized as a model of what such books should be. It took the form of a Catalogue Raisonné, with adequate illustrations and remarkably full documentation and bibliographies—an indispensable instrument for any student of the subject. In the preface Mr. Marquand, who has devoted much of his life to the work of the Della Robbia family and has published a number of most valuable articles on the subject in the *American Journal of Archaeology* and elsewhere, promised a series of future volumes on Andrea and Giovanni della Robbia and the Robbia school in general; and the present monograph may be gratefully accepted as an instalment of rather special interest.

Anyone who has travelled in Tuscany, and particularly in the smaller towns, must be familiar with the escutcheons in stone or enamelled terra-cotta which often cover the walls and courts of the Town Halls. As a rule these escutcheons commemorate the period of office of some *Podestà*, called in, by the habitual arrangement which seems to us so singular, from another state to administer the affairs of the town. In themselves they are mostly unpretending enough. But their effect, especially when the vivid, unaging colour of the Robbia enamel is set off in the grey of weathered stone, is a peculiarly attractive one.

Mr. Marquand's book provides a list of nearly four hundred examples of heraldic work carried out in that enamelled terra-cotta relief work the use of which was for about a hundred years practically the monopoly of the Robbia family and the artists employed in their prosperous workshop. Most of them, but not all, are escutcheons or *stemmi*; and of these *stemmi* a large proportion are still in their original position. From this point of view alone the book represents a prodigious amount of research and of travel. But anybody who has had occasion to work at mediaeval Italian heraldry will readily understand the other difficulties which Mr. Marquand must have encountered. The Italians of the earlier Renaissance never took heraldry as seriously as their northern neighbours. They changed their arms and their badges with a levity that would scandalize any orthodox College of Heralds, and even if they kept to the main lines of some traditional blazon they seem to have considered themselves free to vary such details as colour and arrangement to suit their personal tastes. It is perhaps partly the result of this chaotic material that books on Italian heraldry are few and often unreliable; and there can be little doubt that this monograph, even with its limited scope, will be accepted as a very present help to anyone who has occasion to identify a Tuscan coat of arms.

A large proportion of the shields with which Mr. Marquand deals are still, as has just been observed, in their original position; but a fair number of them have been removed to museums. America has received its fair share of the spoil. But the South Kensington Museum, which has four typical examples of the ordinary escutcheons, possesses in addition what is beyond dispute the finest example of Della Robbia heraldry in existence. The huge *stemma* of King René of Anjou, a roundel eleven feet across, which once decorated the Pazzi villa on the road to Fiesole, was acquired for the English collection close on fifty years ago. It is, like the magnificent *stemmi*

Or on San Michele and on the Palazzo Serristori at Florence, the work of the great Luca della Robbia himself; but it is nearly double the size of the rest, and the brilliant garland of fruit that surrounds it is of incomparable splendour in design and colour.

The *stemma* of René of Anjou has a distinctly personal interest. That needy and unsubstantial monarch, the father-in-law of our Henry VI., bearing

the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,

had apparently received financial accommodation from the opulent Pazzi, and had conferred upon Jacopo dei Pazzi a knighthood in his Order of the Crescent, after standing godfather in 1442 to Renato dei Pazzi. It was in commemoration of these honours (not improbably the only return they got for their money) that the Pazzi erected this gorgeous escutcheon on the tower of their villa. On it King René's magnificent armorial bearings display his claims to the kingdoms of Hungary, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem and Aragon, and the Duchies of Anjou and Bar; the shield is so French in type that there can be little doubt that René's herald supplied the sketch for it. On each side are the braziers René had adopted for a device, *dardant désir*, shooting out long dancing flames, and the great dragon-wings of Aragon spread out above the crowned helmet. But the family had not long to enjoy their reflected glory. In 1478 the discovery of the Pazzi conspiracy brought them to disaster. Jacopo was killed, René's unhappy young godson was arrested and hanged. The villa seems to have passed into other hands—it belonged later on to the Panciatichi—and though the Pazzi came back into prominence in the sixteenth century their great days were over.

The *stemma* of King René, splendid as it is, illustrates one defect of the glazed terra-cotta used by Luca della Robbia and his immediate followers for heraldic purposes. The limited range of colours available—a limitation which was certainly an advantage in other ways for an art always perilously near to exaggerated realism—did not include any red, and a dusky purple obtained from manganese was the only available substitute for gules. So the leaping flames of the braziers, like the bars and pallets in the arms of Hungary and Aragon, have to be rendered in this rather heavy colour.

At a slightly later date this deficiency was so much felt that the parts of a shield blasoned gules were left unglazed, to be painted after the firing in some form of ordinary oil-colour. This colour has naturally in most cases worn off, as in the small *stemma* of "Simonetto di Chorso dall' Arena" with its singularly lovely lettering, also in the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Marquand in his list (no. 250) gives this as bearing the arms of the Corso family, but without quoting any justificatory reference; the shield, however—barry nebuly or and gules—and the *impresa* or badge—a prickly thorn-branch—are surely those of the Spini, as on the correctly described *stemma* at Cutigliano which figures in the list as no. 207.

The heraldic element in the production of the Della Robbia workshop is obviously not confined to regular *stemmi*. Many of the larger altarpieces, and a fair number of quite small reliefs, bear the arms of the donor (generally of course on quite a small scale), and these are all included in Mr. Marquand's list. In this connection it may be mentioned that he casts disquieting doubts on the authenticity of an important and much admired Madonna ascribed to Andrea della Robbia at the South Kensington Museum, which bears on the console beneath it the arms of Medici and Rondinelli. His arguments clearly deserve attention, but the point can hardly be considered as proved; it even seems, for example, a possibility that the console, which is certainly very poor, does not belong

to the relief above it; and the relief (for all its dependence on Lorenzo di Credi's Madonnas, such as no. 593 in the National Gallery) is of such beauty and such perfection of glaze that it is not easy to believe that it could have been forged before 1855, when it already formed part of the Campana collection in Rome.

One small criticism may be made of Mr. Marquand's otherwise excellent methods. In the present volume he records no dimensions at all. It can easily be understood that some of the shields discussed, high up on the wall of a remote *Palazzo Communale*, would be almost impossible to measure. But many others are perfectly accessible, and it seems a pity to forgo, for the sake of consistency, the publication of particulars which would have been of great value to students. E. M.

### THE NATION'S WAR PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

THE first thing to remember about the pictures acquired by the Imperial War Museum and the Ministry of Information is that a large proportion of them were designed and executed not as records of a hideous and devastating war, but as propaganda for the purpose of stimulating war effort and war cheerfulness. The decision to use works of art for this purpose appears to have been taken as a result of the great and quite unexpected interest evinced by the general public in Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's first exhibition of war pictures. The success of this little exhibition opened the eyes of both the Canadian and Imperial Governments to the political possibilities of the employment of artists on a large scale, and they scattered commissions with a liberal hand. The Canadian War Memorials Exhibition and the collection now at Burlington House represent the artists' response to this official appeal.

Now there are two kinds of pictures in the present exhibition: the pictures by men who were tortured by the war and the pictures by men who were not. The painting entitled "Ready to Start" (46), showing us Sir William Orpen (Major A.S.C.) in warm fur jerkin taking a final peep at himself in the mirror before leaving his whisky and soda and cigarettes to paint a jolly little picture of sandbags in the open, is typical of the attitude of mind which characterizes the artists of the second and larger class. "The Menin Road" (74) and "Over the Top" (12) by Mr. John Nash (Pte., Artists' Rifles) are typical of the first class, composed, of course, of the young men who saw active service—youths who, as artists, had deliberately fostered their sensibilities and were suddenly surrounded with the relentless realities of modern war.

The outstanding artists of this class are the brothers Paul and John Nash, Percy Wyndham Lewis, W. P. Roberts, Gilbert Spencer, and Stanley Spencer. Whatever may have been the intention of the authorities in acquiring these works, there can be no question of their permanent value as records of the effects of the war on the finer organisms among the combatants. The pictures reveal intense intellectual and spiritual emotion translated into and expressed in terms of pictorial rhythm which lifts them high above the competent illustrations shown by Colin Gill, Henry Lamb, H. S. Williamson, G. C. L. Underwood and C. R. W. Nevinson. Neither Mr. Lewis's picture nor Mr. Roberts's is a complete success. Both fail in the major composition, that is to say they do not "carry." An examination of the detail is more impressive than the effect of the whole at a distance. In the latter case the arrangement is undeniably—perhaps deliberately—confused; in the former we feel that the artist might have worked longer at the "ensemble" with decided advantage; the centre of focus being now the left-hand corner, the remainder is without structural coherence; something in the nature of a central focus seems the first essential towards the completion of an obviously unfinished work.

The exhibits of Eric Kennington do not do justice to his great accomplishment as a realistic draughtsman and the profound impression wrought upon him by his service in the first tragic months of the war. It is to be regretted that his large glass painting is not included. R. H. W.

### EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—Pictures, Decorative Furniture and other Works of Art.

WM. B. PATERSON AND CARFAX & CO.—Contemporary French Painting.

LITTLE ART ROOMS, ADELPHI.—Sculpture by Lady Scott.—

"Doorways," Water-Colour Drawings by A. Ludovici.

HAMPSTEAD ART GALLERY.—Paintings by Walter Bayes. It is always a privilege to the plain man to visit the exhibitions of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The members have special facilities for drawing on the inexhaustible treasure-house of English private collections, and their enthusiasm and knowledge guarantee an intelligent and scrupulous selection. Possibly no room of the size has housed more indisputably eminent works of art than this little gallery in Savile Row. As we enter we are conscious of the specifically sumptuous atmosphere always created by old furniture and old pictures in perfect condition and harmoniously arranged, and the impression deepens as we tour the walls and respond to the composite—historical and aesthetic—appeal of each piece in turn. We realize that we are in a miniature temple of art, and yet—we have all the time an uneasy feeling that artists cannot and should not worship here.

For there is a deep chasm between the artists' world and that of the connoisseurs. On one side is untilled soil where the artists delve and force the earth to yield; on the other is a blooming garden where the men of taste and judgment bask in the sun and pluck the fruit from trees planted by artists centuries ago. They throw golden bridges to the toilers on the other side, but only the fainter hearts and weaker brains respond. The strong fear contamination—not of course from the contemplation of the works of past ages, but from the enervating atmosphere of luxury and ease which nowadays accompanies the cult of *objets d'art* and the—for an artist—most dangerous diffusion of interest and eclecticism of taste.

But though the artists' basic suspicion of the connoisseurs' world is justified, the pictures at Savile Row have an important message for contemporary painters; they remind us of the importance of fine craft in art. Everything in this exhibition is admirably executed; there are no hesitations, alterations or bald patches. The painting of such a picture as Gabriel Metsu's "The Intruder," lent by the Earl of Northbrook, is no less perfect than that of the superlatively good Gainsborough lent by Mr. Bowyer Nichols, and the same magnificent standard of craftsmanship is evidenced in the furniture shown.

For the connoisseur, of course, the exhibition is full of interest. He will find there among other treasures a landscape by that exceedingly rare painter Cornelis Hendriksz Vroom (lent by Mr. Robert Witt), the large Quentin Matsys formerly in the Linnell Collection (lent by Mr. C. B. O. Clarke), and a portrait group by Zoffany (lent by Mr. William Asch) of very superior quality.

The modern French pictures at 5, Old Bond Street, show that there are a few contemporary artists comparatively free from the prevailing vice of bad craftsmanship. M. Marchand, for example, has his hand well under control. We regard his later works with their new lusciousness as less impressive than his more purely intellectual early painting, but there is no gainsaying his accomplishment. M. Maurice Denis is another painter with an efficient technique. His "Tonquidec" has a pleasing decorative charm, but would be better if more completely realized in the parts. We referred at some length on November 21 to the problem of M. Matisse's shorthand—one might almost say phonetic—craftsmanship. His picture in this exhibition substantiates our attitude. The handling is as assured as in the best pictures at the Leicester Galleries, but the work is nevertheless fundamentally trivial. The graceful design and delicate colouring make it attractive—so attractive in fact that it is only saved from prettiness by the squint. But it would take Miss Helen Dryden only about ten minutes to convert it into a typical cover for *Vogue*. This is sailing perilously near the wind for an artist who relies entirely on capturing our emotions. But M. Matisse with all his faults is a better craftsman than M. Vlaminck, who is like a pianist who can play only one piece.

R. H. W.

## Music

### THE CHAMBER PIANIST

OUR English pianists, I said when writing of Busoni, cultivate as a general rule the domestic view of the pianoforte, and aim at creating, even in the public concert-room, the illusion of privacy. For the large majority of players there is no doubt that this is the right principle to adopt. It is a view which the most accomplished artist need never feel ashamed to adopt, for there is hardly a single masterpiece which it should necessarily exclude from his repertory. Indeed the chamber pianist has a much wider field from which to choose than the man who aspires to rival Liszt and Busoni. There is a large tract common to both parties, and it would show the narrowest of minds to maintain that any one composition must always be interpreted in one particular manner.

Busoni is a giant of the pianoforte not because he is a wonderful performer on the instrument, but because he is a thinker of great thoughts. He has built up the mechanical technique with which to express them, but the technique would be useless, and indeed could never have been acquired at all, unless the thought was behind it insisting upon expression. For lesser men the problem is a different one. Busoni, one might almost say, ignores the pianoforte. When he plays—so I heard one of his audience say—you forget the instrument, you do not know whether it is a pianoforte, an organ or an orchestra; it is just music. But the chamber pianist cannot afford to ignore his instrument. Busoni is always remaking everything that he plays. The chamber pianist has to take what is set before him and play it as it is written. He cannot forget the pianoforte; he has to make the best of it. It is urgent therefore that he should concentrate very carefully upon technique. By technique I do not mean that sort of dexterity which astonishes the vulgar, the dexterity which merely turns a man into a machine. The technique of which I speak is the technique which the audience never notices—the pure *legato*, the half-pedalling, the fine gradation of touch, the production of beautiful tone in all its possible varieties. There is also a further plane of technique, the technique of expression and suggestion. For the pianoforte has two types of music to play: the music which starts from the properties peculiar to the pianoforte and deliberately exploits them, and the music which ignores those properties and assumes that the pianoforte has the same means of expression as the strings or the wind. Needless to say, the two styles are not always distinct; they will occur simultaneously in one composer, perhaps in one single bar, whether of to-day or yesterday. Every separate note has its problem, needs to have its precise function accurately analysed.

Pianists are often very ready to listen to other pianists and learn what they can from them. They would probably learn a great deal more if they spent more time in listening to other kinds of music—to string players, to orchestras, and most of all to singers. One of the chief functions of the pianoforte is to recall, to suggest, to stimulate the imagination. How can the player recall things to our memory if he has nothing to recall to his own, how stimulate our imagination if his own is inactive and dormant? The composers who have written the most effectively for the pianoforte as well as writing good music for it were full of imaginative suggestion. Pianists sometimes think that it suffices to play the notes which Chopin or Ravel has written, and the suggestions will come of themselves. Natural instinct, an intuitive feeling for what is really musical, will often go a long way in conjunction with music that has been skilfully composed; but the pianist who trusts to that alone will find himself uncomfortably

stranded in music where the thought lies deeper and the medium of expression has been less responsive.

Mr. William Murdoch's recital on December 13 provided a remarkably interesting illustration of the problems under discussion. His programme was attractively chosen, and included the most varied types of pianoforte music: the formal, the intellectual, the picturesque, the atmospheric; some classical, some modern; music that was pianistic; music that was not. There is no need to enlarge upon Mr. Murdoch's well-known accomplishment in the first phase of technique. He has a great command of touch and a fine sense of colour-values. His most personal quality is a breezy but well-mannered exuberance. His musicianship, which is apparent in everything that he plays, is instinctive rather than reasoned. Freshness, sincerity, spontaneity—these are indeed delightful qualities; but they are the qualities of any amateur. The professional player can never afford to trust them. It is not his business to be spontaneous, but to produce an impression of spontaneity on his listeners. If Mr. Murdoch had only played his entire programme as superbly as he played Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau"! "Jeux d'Eau" is an ideal example of modern pianoforte music. It is conceived entirely in terms of the pianoforte. Chopin himself hardly surpassed its charm of pure pianoforte colour. In construction it is admirably lucid. The composer has, in fact, done all the pianist's thinking for him. He has no need to interpret it, provided that he can play the notes. Mr. Murdoch's breezy exuberance gave it just the touch of life and enthusiasm that was necessary to complete it. Breezy exuberance—it wanted no more, and Mr. Murdoch had fortunately no more to give it. His style has no eccentricities or mannerisms. His virtues are very positive; his vices so entirely negative, now that he has tamed his former tendency to harshness, that they can hardly be called vices at all. They are merely deficiencies. There are some things which he does not understand. He does not, as some pianists might, interpret them with a distressing wrongheadedness; he simply leaves them alone. They interpret themselves, if they can. If they cannot, it is the composer's fault.

The result was in most cases, thanks to his natural instinct for choosing a programme, entirely delightful. Déodat de Séverac's "Baigneuses au Soleil" belongs to the same category as "Jeux d'Eau": it is a brilliant and dazzling study in pianistic colour-effects. Ravel's Sonatina is less vividly coloured, and quite definitely intellectual music, but so precise and clear in its outlines that it needs no further elucidation.

Grieg's Norwegian pieces also explain themselves. Intellectually they are of the slightest. Here again Mr. Murdoch's strong sense of rhythm and intuitive tenderness enhanced admirably their picturesque charm. One could imagine Mr. Murdoch making "La Prière d'une Vierge" or "Les Cloches du Monastère" quite convincingly adorable. It is a dangerous gift that he possesses. When it comes to Bach and Beethoven, there are other pianists who can do more for us. Bach occasionally gets his thinking done for him by Busoni, but if Busoni made a mistake in transcribing, it was in writing his transcriptions down so that others besides himself might play them. Once written down, they were stereotyped, and their virtue as transcriptions lost. We have our scholarly players, one delicately austere, another lusciously ripe, not to say overripe; could we but give to the one Mr. Murdoch's freshness and to the other his exuberance! But to the average listener calculation is odious.

Away, away you men of rules!  
What have I to do with schools?  
They'd make me work, they'd make me think—

How much pleasanter to contemplate Mr. Murdoch all aglow from his feats on the fjord! EDWARD J. DENT.

## BEECHAM OPERA

LE COQ D'OR

**T**HREE is one very thrilling moment in "Le Coq d'Or." Towards the end of the third act, as Messrs. Chester inform us in their notes, "the Astrologer's magic bird flies down from his spire, and with a blow of his beak kills King Dodon. A peal of thunder; darkness, during which the Queen and the Golden Cock disappear." Directions of this kind are easier to give than to carry out. What actually happens is that the cock comes lurching and staggering through the air in the direction of King Dodon, who has to head the bird with all the nicety of a professional half-back heading an Association football. Mr. Foster Richardson performed this feat with such dexterity as to convince one that he has mistaken his career: his real future lies, one cannot help feeling, with Clapton Orient or the Crouch End Vampires. The lights did not do their part of the business with anything like the same efficiency; instead of a sudden and simultaneous extinction, they were reduced in a series of leisurely gradations, until we began to wonder if this really was King Dodon's palace after all, and not one of the stately homes of England, with the old family butler tottering round and turning off the switches one by one before going to bed. Indeed, the lighting had been more recalcitrant than usual the whole evening; when the curtain rose after the Astrologer had delivered his prologue, there was one terrible second when it seemed as if the first act was to take place in total darkness.

There was another and less excusable failure in the matter of stage illusion. In the second act, as dawn breaks, a pavilion appears, from which the Queen of Shemakhan unexpectedly emerges, with her retinue. We say unexpectedly, but indeed it was not so very unexpected. For a minute or two after the appearance of the pavilion the said retinue was observed slowly filtering on from the wings and taking its place, without any undue excitement, behind the awning; consequently when the doors eventually opened, and the Queen and her train came out, we were less surprised than we ought to have been. One accepts a *contretemps* of this kind with equanimity at a provincial performance of the "Bohemian Girl," but surely the Covent Garden producer might rise to the occasion a little better.

These incidents, disconcerting as they were, scarcely disturbed one's whole-hearted enjoyment, for the musical part of the show went admirably; the singers with hardly an exception were all that could reasonably be desired, and the orchestra, under the conductorship of Sir Thomas Beecham, gave a very lively and spirited performance of a score that is a genuine masterpiece from the first bar to the last. Some of the stage clowning is questionable, but one has to remember that the opera is not precisely what it seems. Underlying it there is a good deal of political satire, the drift of which is somewhat obscure and which in any case means little or nothing to a London audience. Sir Thomas Beecham is therefore quite justified in accentuating the purely comic elements of the story, but we might remind him that the comic spirit can wear more than one aspect. The rather primitive rustic buffoonery displayed in "Le Coq d'Or" is probably in accordance with the composer's intentions, and was very likely acceptable to the audience for whom the opera was originally written, but to us it appears crude and out of keeping with the remote, fantastic spirit of the music. It is not so much a question of reconsidering the interpretation as a whole as of modifying it in detail, so as to relieve the occasional sense of incongruity one feels at perceiving comedy in the orchestra accompanied by farce on the stage.

R. O. M.

## CONCERTS

MME. LUIA JUTA's recital on December 8 was a strange mixture of styles, both in songs and in singing. She is one of those mezzo-sopranos who adopt both the soprano manner and the contralto manner, of which the former is distinctly the more pleasing in her particular case. It was a mistake to employ the British contralto style for Dvorak's Biblical Songs. Their beauty lies in their fresh unconventionality, and they are gravely damaged by the adoption of that orthodox devotionalism which is considered correct for the angel in "Elijah." In Ambroise Thomas' "Le Soir" and Fourdrain's "Le Papillon" she was much more artistic; and of her English group Graham Peel's "The Early Morning" and Ernest Walker's "Bluebells" were sung with a really admirable distinction of style.

MISS ANNE THURSFIELD at her recital on December 9 proved herself once more a genuine interpreter. She can sing well enough in the ordinary sense of the word, that is to say, her purity of tone and refined beauty of diction alone will always make her worth listening to; but she is only at her best when there is some problem of form or style to be solved, some wayward or elusive mood to be captured, before the song can begin. That is high praise to give a singer. In Miss Thursfield's programme the items that put her real powers to the test were all too few; her selection of modern English song, in particular, was decidedly inadequate. She sang her Elizabethan songs very beautifully, but one could not overlook some false colour in their settings.

THE SYMPHONIES of Haydn so seldom find a hearing in these days that the performance of the "Military Symphony" at the Classical Concert Society's concert on December 10 was quite a notable event. M. René Ortmans has brought together a very competent and well-disciplined body of players, whose numbers were just right for the Wigmore Hall, but on the artistic side his conducting is lamentably deficient. Of the poetic and imaginative beauty of Haydn he apparently has not the faintest understanding, and he was no better in that most delicate and sensitive work, Beethoven's Concerto in G major, the solo part of which was played by Miss Ivy Parkin with a very attractive simplicity of style. For the choice of these two works the Society deserves cordial thanks, and it is just the right organization to show what delightful concerts may be given by a chamber orchestra in a small hall.

THE RECITAL of sonatas for violoncello and pianoforte given by Mr. Ivor James and Mr. Harold Samuel on December 11 was a thoroughly finished and scholarly performance. Fine intelligence and dignified restraint are the characteristics of both players, and their ensemble could not have been bettered. Their programme included sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms, while contemporary music was represented by that of Frank Bridge, an extremely interesting work in a more modern style than the composer generally adopts.

THE HARMONIC TRIO (Miss Dorothea Walenn, Miss Edith Vance and Miss Olive Byrne) is a new combination so far as we know—anyway, new or not, we congratulate them on the interesting programmes they have put together. At their concert on December 12 they played the Brahms B major Trio, John Ireland's Second Trio (which is now getting widely known, as it well deserves to be), and a "Suite sur des Chants Bretons," by Jean Huré, whose 'cello sonata was recently played twice in the same week, by Mme. Suggia and Mr. Ivor James. The suite contains some beautiful tunes, as was only to be expected, but the composer proves himself anything but a master in the handling of them, and it is difficult to predict a future for such an amateurish and incoherent patchwork. The playing of the trio will improve; at present one is conscious of a certain roughness of tone in the stringed instruments, and the piano is inclined to over-balance its colleagues.

MISS MARGARET TILLY, who gave the first of two recitals at the Wigmore Hall on December 12, is a young player of promise, who showed some neat finger-work and a certain instinct for style in her playing of Rameau's Gavotte and Variations, and a group of modern pieces by Ravel, Amani, and Marion Bauer. She may be a good Bach player too, but she set herself an impossible task in attempting Tausig's arrangement of the big organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor. The effect of this monumental architecture cannot be conveyed

in the very slightest degree on the piano, and we are only surprised that pianist after pianist goes on making an attempt so obviously foredoomed to failure.

### MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

THE greatest activity continues to reign in the musical world of Paris. Indeed the pressure of concert-giving and the quantity of musical enterprises of every sort have probably never been so great as in this first post-war season of 1919-1920. A feature of the present season is the cosmopolitan character of much of the music heard, artists of almost every European nationality having flocked to Paris, bringing with them in most cases examples of the musical art of their country. Russian, Ukrainian, Czech, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch and English musicians have all been recently before the Parisian public. The two last-named nations were represented, in the case of England, by the Philharmonic String Quartet, who played an all-English programme (the London String Quartet are to be the next visitors from England), while Holland sent the excellent Hague Quartet and the "Madrigal-Vereeniging" of Amsterdam. This society was formed in Holland in 1914 by M. Sem Dresden, a Professor at the Amsterdam Conservatoire. The choir is a small one, consisting of nine singers, five women and four men. The music they sang ranged from the fifteenth to the twentieth century—Josquin de Près to Maurice Ravel. The choir was particularly successful in its performance of the old music, which included part songs by Orlando di Lasso, Tollius, and the sixteenth-century French composers Eust. du Caurroy and Claude Jannequin. The "Chant des Oiseaux," by Jannequin, must be one of the earliest examples of "programme-music"; in any case the imitation of bird-sounds by human voices is charmingly done and shows considerable ingenuity. Modern Dutch music was represented by compositions of J. Ingenhoven, Wagenaar, Diepenbroek, and the choir's conductor, Sem Dresden.

The "S.M.I." (Société Musicale Indépendante) continues its series of monthly concerts at the Salle Gaveau, and its programmes always contain a certain number of new works, generally by young composers. Indeed, the Society makes a special feature of "Premières Auditions," and in this way alone, apart from the general excellence of the performances, fulfils an admirable function. Recently, for example, six out of seven numbers on the programme were first performances. English music was represented by Goossens' (very un-English) "Deux Esquisses" for string quartet ("By the Tarn" and "Jack o' Lantern") admirably played by the Quatuor Pascal. Of the other numbers, I should single out for special mention a charming "Impromptu" for harp, by Albert Roussel (which should be a godsend to all harpists on the look-out for new music for their instrument—it is published by Durand), and Francis Poulenc's "Sonata" for two clarinets (published by Chester). This unusual combination affords a composer with a sense of humour a priceless opportunity, which, in this case, has certainly not been lost sight of. Apart, however, from a suggestion of the grotesque, arising more from the nature of the medium and the composer's treatment thereof than from the actual music itself, this music has a certain naïf charm; it has "line"; it is terse; and the part-writing is clever and ingeniously managed. But the composer himself would be the last to wish his composition to be taken *too* seriously.

The most important "premières" of the week have been the reappearance of Mme. Pavlova at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and the production at the Opéra of "Las Goyescas" of Granados; while the Diaghilev Ballet open their Paris season on the stage of the Opéra on December 24. The "Boutique Fantasque" will be given for the first time in Paris.

WE learn with deep regret of the death of M. Maurice Kufferath, for many years Director of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels. During the war he resided at Geneva, where he produced Gluck's "Alceste" in a new setting, as well as other operas of unusual interest. Besides being a practical man of the stage, he was an erudite musician, and his books on "Lohengrin," "Fidelio" and "Die Meistersinger" are important contributions to musical literature.

### THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

THE October number of the *American Musical Quarterly* contains good reading, but is on the whole below the level of some recent numbers in point of general interest. The best thing in it is Mr. Chennevière's timely exposure of "Erik Satie and the Music of Irony." Satie himself is not worth tilting at, but Mr. Chennevière's ideas on the limits of musical expression and the relationship of originality to genius are suggestive, and at the moment Satie is a good peg to hang them on. Mr. J. F. Rogers's remarks on Beethoven are uncertain in drift, so are Mr. Carl Engel's on "The Miraculous Appeal of Mediocrity." Apparently what Mr. Engel wants to say is that the establishment of political democracy will mean the triumph of artistic mediocrity, but in trying to be clever he has so obscured his point that we may have mistaken his meaning; we therefore refrain from comment. Mr. D. C. Parker takes on himself the difficult task of making out a case for Saint-Saëns, and does it, on the whole, very adroitly; Mr. Barclay Squire writes of Handel's Clock Music, and quotes the whole of the music, which, as he justly observes, is not of much value except as a curiosity. Of the other articles the most considerable is one by Mr. Phillips Barry on the structure and notation of Greek music, very lucid and readable, although its bland disregard of the fierce controversies that have arisen over this question makes one a trifle uneasy. M. Prod'homme gives us a summary of the history of the Paris Opera over the last 250 years, and Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Mansfield, and Miss Natalie Curtis-Burton write respectively on "Some Letters of Mendelssohn," "Musical Discrepancies" (*i.e.*, between notation and interpretation), and "Black Singers and Players," the last named with real sympathy and understanding.

### Drama

#### TERENCE AT WESTMINSTER

NOTHING, not even the most spirited acting of the most agreeably youthful actors, can disguise the fact that Terence's "Adelphi" is an uncommonly dull play. The best one can say for it is that it is an amusing comedy *manqué*, a comedy full of possibilities never realized, of good situations never exploited. How sadly little is made, for instance, of the misunderstanding between Æschinus and his bride; or of Demea's indignation and horror at the discovery that his country-disciplined son is concerned in the carrying-off of the music girl! A more skilful dramatist would have turned what is, in Terence's play, little more than a sketch into a complete and richly detailed picture.

But it is no use complaining. The "Adelphi" is what it is; but though the play as Terence wrote it is a dull one, the Westminster boys gave us an amusing evening's entertainment. The Adelphi themselves were well presented. Micio's urban suavity contrasted well with the asperity of the rustic Demea. Micio was particularly effective in the arguments with his angry brother. Demea's best moment was his re-entry, footsore and indignant, from the wild-goose chase on which sly Syrus had dispatched him. Hegio was *digne* to the verge of dullness; but in one speech at least—the fine expression of his determination to stand by Sostrata through thick and thin—he rose to a grave and quiet nobility that was quite admirable. Syrus threw himself whole-heartedly into his clowning. Like all the actors, with the exception of the old men who carried sticks that were a spiritual as well as a physical support, he evidently found some difficulty in disposing of his hands. The two young men spoke their lines distinctly, but without any great attempt at characterization. Of the ladies we preferred the nurse, Canthara—a very small part, but so vivaciously and so naturally acted that we wished we might have seen more of her. The delivery of all the actors was very good and it was rare that one missed a word. What a relief it was, to old-fashioned ears bewildered by the italicate Latin of modern classical teaching, to hear "mi pater" pronounced as it should be, "my paitah," instead of as something approximating to "mee pahtair." There is, of course, no possible justification for the English pronunciation of Latin; but then why should there be? It is one of those things on which one may be allowed to give rein to one's

instinct of conservatism, certain that in this case reactionary sentiments will do nobody the slightest harm.

It would be unfair, while we are offering thanks for our evening's entertainment, to refrain from all mention of one who did as much as any other actor to keep us amused—a very small boy, who occupied a chair next to ours and sat through the play with an expression of immense gravity and almost total lack of comprehension. At such phrases as "Quid faciam?" or "mi pater," or "cur non?" his face would brighten with a pleased recognition: after all, he was catching the drift of the thing. One watched him with amusement and much sympathy: for his case was not so very different from that of some of the rest of us who have to confess to being—well, a little rusty, you know. H.

## SYLVIA'S LOVERS

Ambassadors Theatre.—SYLVIA'S LOVERS.

THE story of the handsome cavalier who wins the love of the peasant maid and then turns out to be the Prince himself is, like the limelights and the curtain, merely a useful accessory that may be passed over. It is merely a background to the evening's entertainment at the Ambassadors, which really consists in the amusing acting of Miss Betty Chester, the singing of Miss Desirée Ellinger and the bright and effective part-writing of Mr. Bernard Rolt's choruses. Mr. Joe Nightingale as the funny man and Mr. H. Caine as the Corsican pretender, although they have no real connection with the story, are indispensable to the entertainment. In addition, there are pleasing costumes. Miss Chester seized the spirit of the entertainment better than did the others, possibly because she had nothing but her acting to rely upon, while Mr. Patrick Byrne, not being quite sure that he ought not to be serious, completely missed the point of the performance. At times he became almost tender and true, a phenomenon which unfortunately produced an appropriate response on the part of Miss Ellinger. A tendency to show that she was good-hearted at bottom was also perceptible in the Dowager Duchess, excellent as was her performance. The one completely cynical and satisfying interpretation was, as we have said, that of Miss Chester. The music, like the play, had nothing to do with anything in particular, but was tuneful without being catchy.

## Correspondence

### THE COTERIES AND THE PUBLIC

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May a common journalist, who knows nothing about the prevailing literary coteries except from the outside, congratulate Mr. Swinnerton on having raised a protest that was long overdue? Mr. Swinnerton, in his article in THE ATHENÆUM for the 5th inst., is primarily concerned with the evil effects of coteries upon the literary group in which he is a leading figure. "Insensibly," he says, "the tone of a coterie grows mean and splenetic. Whatever the honesty which has led to its formation, a coterie always grows into a secret and deformed thing." I presume that Mr. Swinnerton is describing what he has seen taking place in the minds of his friends. May I suggest what I believe to be the general attitude of the uninitiated towards the coteries of which he speaks?

I need add nothing to Mr. Swinnerton's admirably plain speaking about the sardonic petulance of the coteries. The intolerance of a sophisticated school need not harm anyone if they keep their opinions to themselves. The trouble is that the coteries—or as I should say, the coterie, since the general character of the several groups is on the whole the same—control the book-reviewing on almost all our reputable newspapers and periodicals. Unless a new writer belongs to the coterie or makes it his business to obtain introductions to some of its influential members, his work receives no attention. It is my experience that the commercial publishers, in spite of all the hard things that are said against them, show much more encouragement to young writers than do the majority of the high-brow reviewers. And if a young writer has succeeded in getting a publisher to believe in him, he still finds his work either ignored or treated with

contemptuous condescension by the reviewers, unless he lays himself out to copy Mr. Swinnerton himself, Mr. James Joyce, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Dorothy Richardson or any of the other idols of the coterie. If he does so, however, he can always count upon an enthusiastic reception.

I submit that the result of this monopolistic control of the press notices by the coterie has been to encourage a slavish imitation of a deplorable model that is not worth copying. The general run of novels that derive their inspiration from the coterie are so alike that almost any of them might have been written by any individual member of the school. Its disciples show an appalling lack of any power to think for themselves.

Why is it (will any of your readers tell me?) that all these gifted young novelists can find nothing better to write about than squalid brothels or scarcely less squalid boarding-houses? Why can they never write of young men who are not morbid or young women who are not over-sexed? Does their personal acquaintance include nobody but pessimists and prostitutes? I cannot believe that they have never known men and women who would be genuinely interesting to meet in real life, or who might even have, once in a way, acted or thought spontaneously, and without an interminable process of self-analysis. Why is it that, if these young novelists are (as I presume they are) in the habit of meeting people who say and do things that are worth repeating, they persist in considering them as unfit characters to figure in a work of art?

Mr. Swinnerton appeals for a wider outlook, in the interests of that "concerted action among writers" which is "the effort to justify art among the philistines." As one of them, I welcome Mr. Swinnerton's praiseworthy enterprise. But may I suggest that it is the morbidity of his friends, even more than their ridiculous intolerance towards other writers, that makes us philistines turn from them with feelings of a deep natural antipathy?

Yours faithfully, CARMELITE STREET.

### THE DANGER OF PHONETICS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—There is no living writer of English for whom I have a greater respect than that which I have for Mr. Bridges, and, during our three-parts-lifelong acquaintance, I have never found myself in any but amicable difference with him. Indeed, our present positions indicate no difference of side at all, but only that between a more and a less uncompromising attitude on the same side. Perhaps my comments on his supposed irony were themselves a little ironical; and I apologize for any liberty—any false heraldry of "colour on colour"—that I may thus have taken or committed.

Mr. Bridges's antithesis of "spoken" and "written" criteria is, in fact, that which I myself adopted and adopt; but he is more lenient than I am to those who cross the line, and endeavour to perpetuate their corrupt notions of what is spoken by turning them into writing. If we had had phoneticians of this type some generations ago we might still be calling "tea" "tay" and "Harriet" "Hawyot." But those who took tay with Hawyot were much more respectable people than those who call, or those who permit them to call, the thing that they themselves deserve 'oblerquy.'

As for personal authorities, one is put in a little difficulty. I am afraid that, as I believe is not uncommon with ultra-Tories, the intensity of my reverence for institutions relaxes considerably towards individuals, unless, like Mr. Bridges himself, they have written things *Phæbo digna*, or, like others, have done things worthy of other gods. For my mother the University of Oxford as such—as a second "Jerusalem which is on high"—and for her traditional expressions of herself during a thousand years, I yield to no man in piety. But I own that I regard the contemporary individuals who may happen to represent her on the earth and at the moment (always excepting the above-mentioned exceptions) as merely fallible gentlemen like myself. And in the case of those to whom Mr. Bridges refers I think they have proved themselves very fallible and very questionable gentlemen indeed.

With talking of ladies it is different. I hold rather with Feste there, especially when I have not the honour of their

personal acquaintance. I should never call any lady "uneducated." But I think Mrs. Woods herself will not be deeply offended if I call her a little *over-educated* in the school of Mrs. Browning—a delightful poetess at her best, but at her worst the most atrocious rhymester that Apollo ever winked at—because she was a lady.

Seriously, however, I hope there may be no obstacle to united effort on the part of Mr. Bridges, of the S.P.E., and of all loyal lovers of the real "King's English" in resisting and repressing this abominable corruption, no matter in what high places it may, like other corruptions, for the time have found favour. There is perhaps nothing in its own class of vices quite so bad. Foreign words are sometimes necessary and often useful—Dryden, who was abused for employing them in his own time, was later taken by Charles Fox and others as an absolute standard of vocabulary. Slang dies or is devulgarized. Colloquialisms pass or are promoted. Without occasional neologisms a language stiffens and fossilizes, while ours has a special power of assimilating what was good for it to assimilate. But these corruptions and degradations of sound vitiate and defile the *λόγος* itself—the sacred and living word. They obscure its history; they spoil its music; and in its noblest form, poetry, they kill the vowel-notes which are the soul of its harmony, or the harmony which makes its soul.

But I must apologize again, Sir—this time not to Mr. Bridges, who will, I think, sympathize, but to those of your readers who may be inclined to laugh at me for being so much in earnest—and merely remain

Your obedient servant,  
GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

#### SWINBURNE, WATTS-DUNTON, AND THE NEW VOLUME OF SWINBURNE SELECTIONS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Years ago, in conversation with Swinburne, I remarked that the volume of selections then just published did not contain many of the poems one associated most closely with him. He answered that he had expressly seen to it that it contained the best of the things by which he wished to be remembered. Of course, a poet is not always a good judge of his own work, but his opinion has a certain value.

In taking into account Mr. Edmund Gosse's opinion of the late Mr. Watts-Dunton's critical judgment, it is only fair to remind the present generation, for whatever the fact may be worth, that Mr. Gosse and Mr. Theodore Watts—as he then was—were rivals for the premiership of the criticism of English poetry, and that Mr. Watts obtained it. It is also to be remembered that some of Mr. Watts's critical essays are, in the opinion of many good judges, far superior in value and insight to anything Mr. Gosse has ever written. One regrets to seem discourteous to the doyen of present-day criticism, but the constant denigration of a dead colleague is neither grateful nor comforting to those who know the literary history of the last forty years.

Yours truly,  
ROBERT STEELE.

Savage Club, W.C.

#### LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS AND BAUDELAIRE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your reviewer of my "Collected Poems" in the current ATHENÆUM is rather unfair in taking my line

We said things wonderful as chrysolites,

and stigmatizing it as "the purest Postlethwaite."

His unfairness is all the more remarkable because in his very short review of my thirty years' collected work he gives me some generous appreciation. I freely admit that the line quoted is very inadequate as a rendering of Baudelaire's

Nous avons dit souvent d'impérissables choses.

But on the other hand will your reviewer kindly consider the immense difficulty of translating a beautiful poem like "Le Balcon" and preserving, as I have done, the exact form, and the position of the rhymes, as well as the sense? Let him try it, and I think he will, after the experiment, realize that it would have been fairer and more generous to have given me credit for what I cannot help regarding as a remarkable achievement in translation (I wrote the poem more than

twenty years ago), than to have singled out the one and only bad line in the translation for such contemptuous rebuke. I have often tried to rewrite the stanza in question, but I find that I cannot do it on account of the rhyming difficulty. The French Alexandrine as it stands goes straight into a perfectly good English decasyllabic line,

Often we said imperishable things;  
but in order to get that line I should have to sacrifice  
And on the balcony the rose-stained nights,  
which as a version for

Et les nuits au balcon voilées de vapeur rose  
is fairly artful, I think, when you consider that I had to get into a ten-syllabled line the music and the meaning of Baudelaire's twelve-syllabled line.

But anyhow, why drag in Postlethwaite except on the well-known English principle of "Here comes an authentic poet; let's have half a brick at him"?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
Shelley's Folly, Lewes. ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS.

#### "MOMENTS OF GENIUS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—It is not for the publishers of a book to find fault with the opinion of a reviewer, but when a reviewer makes an untrue statement concerning a book he is reviewing, it is at least open to the publishers to protest. On November 28 you printed in THE ATHENÆUM a review of "Moments of Genius," by Dr. Lynch, at the end of which occurs the following sentence:—

"The other remarkable feature of the work is a publishers' preface saying what a good book it is."

This statement is not merely misleading: it is untrue; for the preface in question contains no word of commendation of the book. Obviously it is impossible for an editor to check the statements of his reviewers, but as the statement in question is so much at variance with the traditions that one associates with THE ATHENÆUM, we trust that you will forgive us for bringing the matter to your notice.

We are, Sir,  
Your obedient servants,  
PHILIP ALLAN & CO.

#### THE TRANSLATION OF M. BARBUSSE'S "CLARTE"

DEAR SIR,—Your reviewer of my translation of Barbusse's "Clarté" (THE ATHENÆUM, November 21), through careless reading of the French edition, if he ever saw it, and through almost equally careless reading of the translation, has failed to observe that the old cobbler Crillon is a Mr. Malaprop, an ignorant but bombastic man who is constantly using words (or malformations of words) which he but imperfectly understands or remembers.

So your reviewer's censure leaves me also "congealed."  
FITZWATER WRAY.

#### "SCOTS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your reviewer thinks that Mr. Whibley should have made mention of Gawain Douglas in his collection; for that worthy (he says), "though he wrote in Scots, was surely a 'Tudor' translator" (ATHENÆUM, December 12, p. 1333). But Douglas did not write in Scots: he wrote in English as she was then spoken in the Lothian province; and, lest I should be accused of pedantry, permit me to add that in Douglas's day (as before it) Scots and Gaelic were the same thing. Of that I shall be pleased to furnish proof, if any be desired. Lowland Scots, or English-speech, is now much decayed, and it is rarely that use is made of it as a literary vehicle or medium. The real and original Scots, however (Gaelic), is flourishing, and its vogue tends always to increase. Therefore let the scribes render to Gaelic the thing which is Gaelic, and to English-speech in Scotland the things, and the men, which strictly belong thereto. In a point of view of literature, Douglas belongs to England, even though his nationality declares him to be no Tudorite. But your reviewer is wrong in thinking that he wrote Scots.

Your servant to command,

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

## AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ENGLISH PUBLISHERS

*To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.*

DEAR SIR.—There exists at present a unique opportunity for English publishers to capture the large share of the Russian publishing trade formerly held by the Germans. The Bolsheviks have destroyed all copies of many Russian authors, such as Dostoevsky and Anton Tchekhov, because they were considered by the Reds as too "bourgeois" or too "religious." Many others are un procurable, and none can be bought save at a prohibitive price.

If some enterprising English publisher could be induced to take this matter up, he might first begin by printing a library of small cheap Russian books somewhat after the style of "The Penny Poets," for the use of the Russian soldiers at present in the field. Those soldiers are almost entirely without a scrap of reading matter, and a Russian Government Department is at present appealing to the public to send them books. The address of that department is 58, Uchobnaya Street, Omsk; but as that address may change, it would be best for publishers to communicate with Professor Pares, King's College, Strand, London, or with Captain McCullagh, British Military Mission, Omsk. The publisher loses nothing on this venture, as the Russians would pay for, say, 100,000 copies, and would cable from here the names of the books they want reprinted. In all probability this would only be the beginning of a lucrative Russian publishing work in England. Before the war, and again in the early part of the year 1918, such work was carried on, with great profit to themselves, by German publishers. Why should not English publishers make it equally profitable? The question of payment would be difficult owing to the fall of the rouble; but Mr. Hodson, the energetic British Consul in Omsk, and the Russian authorities in London, would doubtless do all they could to assist the English publishers and the Omsk Government in finding a solution.

Considered as a means for promoting Anglo-Russian friendship, and preventing the intellectual, commercial, and political predominance of Germany here after the war, such an enterprise could not be over-estimated. The old Russian civilization has been broken up and thrown into the melting-pot. The Russian national mind is in a plastic state, ready to receive any new impression; but unless we take some action that impression is as likely to be German Nietzscheism or Marxism as British Constitutionalism. An English publisher could at the present moment make a profound and permanent impression on Russian thought by reprinting, not only the clean and sound part of Russian literature, but also the excellent Russian translations of the British classics which already exist, and by publishing as many new translations as possible of modern English works in every department of literature. Such an enterprise would not only be beneficial to Russia and to civilization generally, it would be a sound commercial undertaking as well; for, in the opinion of the best qualified and least sentimental authorities on the international publishing trade, it would persist and flourish even after the restoration of peace in Russia. Moreover, the first order for soldiers' books would probably be followed by a very large order for school-books.

In view of the want of food and medicines and work, and of the acute misery which prevails in Russia at the present moment, the discussion of a mere literary question like the above may seem out of place and even heartless. But nations do not live by bread alone, any more than men; and the deprivation of good books, from which great masses of the Russian people have so long suffered, seems to me (after over a year's military work in Siberia) to tend more towards their re-barbarization than does the lack of food.

It is true that a very large percentage of the Russian soldiers cannot read; nevertheless even that illiterate percentage feels, indirectly, the loss of moral tone caused throughout the whole army by the absolute lack of reading matter, as is shown by the fact stated above, that the Omsk Government is making great efforts to have that deficiency made good. These efforts are, unfortunately, meeting with but little success, as there are no books in the country.

I have the honour, etc.,

Omsk, Siberia,  
October 1, 1919.

F. McCULLAGH, Captain,  
British Military Mission to Siberia.

## Foreign Literature

## DU BELLAY

Poésies Françaises et Latines de J. Du Bellay. 2 vols.  
(Paris, Garnier. 6 fr.)

THERE has sometimes of late appeared to be an impression, especially among ardent youth, that the French Pléiade was invented by the late Mr. Pater. This is not quite historical. It really existed; it gave some lessons to those Elizabethans of ours whose works so much annoy the partisans of contemporary literature and drama; and it has been admired by good men in various countries from the Vistula to the Thames, if not persistently, yet at intervals from its own day to ours. Among such admirers amicable disputes have sometimes arisen as to the question who was really its greatest—that is to say its most poetical—poet. In range and perhaps in sustained craftsmanship, as well as in positive bulk of work, Ronsard stands as chief unquestioned of his own group, if not quite so much of a "Prince of Poets" as his contemporaries thought him. Baif, Jodelle, Ponthus de Tyard and Daurat, each with his own claims to literary rank, could none of them pretend to be even "next poet." Belleau, mainly on the strength of his "Avril," has sometimes been advanced to that position, and even above it. But there have also been sectaries, drawn almost exclusively from those who love poetry for poetry's sake, who have been willing to assign the actual palm for intensity of poetic spirit to Joachim Du Bellay. His famous prose manifesto, the "Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française," has more than once, and in excellent fashion quite recently, been made accessible; and his verse has been communicated in numerous general anthologies and perhaps in more than one selection by itself. But the whole of it, Latin as well as French, has never been compactly and cheaply offered as in these volumes of the invaluable "Collection Garnier," edited by M. E. Courbet. One rather desiderates the "Défense" itself; but as this was given just before the war by the same publishers with Henri Estienne's "Précellence," and as the actual volumes before us, with no excess of editorial matter, contain nearer twelve than eleven hundred pages, it would be unreasonable to ask for more in them.

We need not say much of the Latin verses, though they will certainly be read with pleasure by those who have been wise enough to interest themselves in humanist poetry. But perhaps it is only a pardonable editorial partiality which sees an equal superiority in Du Bellay's writing of French and of Latin verse. The Latin pieces are indeed never bad. But they seldom, if ever, show the formal perfection of Buchanan, the vigour of Politian, the elegance of Navagero (whom Du Bellay imitated in translation, as he also did with Buchanan) or the sweetness of Molza. The hendecasyllabics are the best; indeed, the spirit of Catullus was to no small extent alive again in the Pléiade. But quite independently of the fact, regrettable in itself, that for most people there is hardly any branch of literature so dead as modern Latin poetry, and while taking a vivid interest therein oneself, one may admit that it is on Du Bellay's French verse that his fame must rest.

And judicious advocates will ground it not so much on any single piece or group of pieces as on a pervading, or at least prevailing tone. The "Vanneur" itself is a very charming thing, and cannot be too highly praised in its own line; but, not to mention its indebtedness to Navagero's "Lusus," it is after all only the most charming of what may be called "super-trifles"—things which are really poetry, *merveilleuses roses* (to quote its own delightful phrase) that float and flutter and fortunately do not fade—

but not great things. Nor would one select as his principal title-deeds, though they add a certain solidity to his claim, the longer poems. The translations of the "Æneid" are interesting, especially to us who can compare them with Surrey. The "Discourses," original and translated, to the King are dignified; many of the smaller poems are elegant; the inscriptions show proficiency in that difficult art; and some people at least may not be offended when in a piece not apparently borrowed, and dealing with contemporary matters, they find themselves unconsciously reading Horace into Du Bellay, and almost seeing on the page

"Surge" quæ dixit juveni marito  
instead of  
Sus, lève toy (tout bas dist elle adonc  
Au jeune époux).

Englishmen will feel no grudge at the triumph, while they admire the vigour, of the poet's descendants on the capture of Calais.

But all this would inspire only esteem, not the requisite transport. For that one must look to the "Olive," to the "Amours," to the "Regrets," to the "Antiquités de Rome." They are all sonnets; and they are all imbued—the best of them are saturated—with that inebriating wine of poetical melancholy which the Renaissance had the secret of pressing from the grapes of the eternal vineyard. Of this Melancholia—the real Tenth Muse, and one of the greatest inspirers of poetry—Du Bellay is perhaps the high priest in French; his countrymen, if they are wise, will put him forward as the Italians may put Michelangelo, and we, from rather different points of view, Spenser or Donne. It is not of the slightest importance whether "Olive" is, as used to be thought, an anagram for a Mlle. de Viole, or whether, as one hears with doubly respectful satisfaction, she was an actual Olive *de Sevigné*, the poet's cousin. That the sonnets, like all those of all countries in the period, are full of the *publica materies* of the kind in substance of thought and phrase matters as little. That the melancholy is love-melancholy in the "Olive" and the "Amours"; melancholy of various public and private origin in the "Regrets," or, as in the "Antiquités," the greatest melancholy of all—that which arises from the contemplation of the passing of life—makes no real difference. Always there is present the saving grace. Naturally enough, it deepens as the poet grows older, though he had no time to grow old in the literal sense, dying in "the middle of the way." Perhaps it is at its very best in the "Antiquités," where the brooding sense of the past, which caught and inspired the youthful Spenser, is quite astonishingly diffused over cadence and phrase alike. The personal poignancy of the best of the "Regrets" gives a parallel result. The "Amours" are perhaps the weakest of the four groups, but they are not weak in themselves; and the juvenility and imitativeness of the "Olive" do not exclude the special gust.

At the same time it must not be supposed that Du Bellay's poetical appeal is only to those who, with or without a stool, would fain be melancholy. Perhaps not the least charm of the "Vanneur" is that it gives, as it receives, the foil in this respect; nor does it stand alone thus, or in any scanty company either in or outside the "Jeux Rustiques" themselves. The villanelle to Marguerite, with its refrain

Belle et franche Marguerite,  
Pour vous j'ay ceste douleur,

has some positive idolaters; and of both the "Baysers" it may be said that anybody who finds them hackneyed deserves a little pity and a great deal of contempt. Nor will any turner of these more than thousand pages fail to find good store of other things wherein to rejoice.

One point of almost unique remarkableness in Du Bellay

remains to be noticed. That there are brave and fairly numerous exceptions to the charge of jealousy so constantly brought against poets, and unluckily so often deserved, is true. But Du Bellay stands foremost among them. It would be possible to compose a not very tiny volume of his tributes to Ronsard, in all sorts of forms and with great variety of special theme, but always free from the slightest taint of unreality, "log-rolling" convention, or any other evil thing. Of course, a man might distinguish himself in this way and be a bad poet; it is the special glory of Du Bellay that he is such a good one, and that he can yet recognize, as too many good poets have not been able to recognize, the goodness of another.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## AUSTRIAN DAMAGE TO ITALY'S ART

MONUMENTI DANNEGGIATI E OPERE D'ARTE ASPORTATE DAL NEMICO: DIFESA DEI MONUMENTI E DELLE OPERE D'ARTE CONTRO I PERICOLI DELLA GUERRA. Relatore: Ugo Ojetti. (Roma, Tipografia della Camera dei Deputati.)

MANY even among the warm friends of Italy have hitherto failed to realize the full extent of the penalty she paid for Caporetto. The damage done by the air-raids was serious enough, and the number of bombs that fell round St. Mark's or the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice was obviously not the result of mere chance. The destruction of Tiepolo's fine fresco in the Scalzi church, the damage done to the Scuola Grande di S. Marco in Venice, or to the Titian and Mantegna frescoes at Padua, or to the mosaics of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna, to mention only the most important, are such that no pecuniary compensation can be assessed.

Far more serious were the consequences of the Austrian occupation of the eastern portions of the Veneto. In these comparatively remote regions, more especially in the province of Udine, the shepherds, peasants and fishermen, aided by the wealth of material that lay to hand, by the variety of their occupations and their enforced contact with Germans and Slavs, had built up a kind of border civilization, rough it may be, but eminently individual. All this has been swept out of existence by the Austrians. The destruction of a Tiepolo was a crime indeed, but there are other Tiepolos, whereas there can be no possible reparation for the wanton ruin of this humble popular art, in which the soul of a whole district had long found its truest and most intimate expression. It can never be brought to life again. The Austrian official report of Captain Dr. Hans Tietze, of the University of Vienna, fully admits the crime, which he deeply deplores. He tells us that troops of all kinds took part in the looting, and even some of the inhabitants of the villages themselves.

These provinces were comparatively poor in important works of art, but the Tiepolo frescoes and all the other treasures of the beautiful Villa Soderini near Treviso, always a favourite objective of bombing squadrons, have been utterly destroyed, to mention no others. The owner of the Fracassetti Library at Udine found only 500 out of his 40,000 volumes on his return home. Something will doubtless be recovered, but the majority of these treasures have gone for ever, and Italy's demand for compensation from the numerous masterpieces of Italian art in Austria is amply justified. At a moderate estimate the losses at present ascertained, apart from the irreparable damage to works of art of the first order, with the cost of protecting and removing others in the danger zone, are calculated at some £3,000,000.

## LETTERS FROM SPAIN

## III. THE THEATRE IN BARCELONA\*

**I**T was in poetry that the great Catalan dramatist Angel Guimerá began to learn his business as a writer. Verses from his pen appeared in the first number of *Renaixença* (1871), and it was plain that a new spirit was at work in Catalan literature. After the serenity of the best poetry of Verdaguer and the stimulating quality of parts of his epic "L'Atlantida," the vague terrors of Guimerá and his love of fantastic melodrama came with the shock of novelty. There was, too, a personality behind his work which could not be gainsaid. His first tragedies, "Gala Placidia" (1879) and "Judith de Welp" (1883), were performed privately by amateurs, who were better able to do justice to the majestic hendecasyllables and the concise yet plastic quality of his verse than professional players accustomed to the short lines and pleasant fluidity of the kind of versification hitherto employed for the theatre. But Guimerá's tragedies soon made their way on to the public stage. His novelty was partly due to the fact that Catalan literature could show no examples of historical tragedy from which he could be derived; his models were "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," "Die Räuber" and "Hernani," and the "Pirata" of Espronceda, while in his later tragedies of modern life he approached more to Hauptmann and Sudermann, Ibsen and Strindberg. Yet there is decided originality in his work. In his historical tragedies he was romantic to the core; his characters are endowed with a more than mortal energy and are nearly always trembling with passion. They belong to all periods of history, hastily studied and inexact in detail; yet the force of Guimerá's personality almost succeeds in making them convincing. It is clear that his sense of the theatre enabled him to see what factors were essential to the presentation of an historical character and what were not. His men and women are nearly always human—all too human, in fact; they show the triumph of human instincts over ideas. They never reason, they act. Like a government in war-time, "they do not stop to make inquiries, they get things done." Love and desire are the only forces which move them. They have, as a critic has acutely remarked, a "trajectory"; once discharged, they fly inevitably to the target which has been prepared for them.

In "La Boja" (1890) he abandoned the "sceptred pall" of historical tragedy for the squalid but no less vital passions of contemporary rural drama. He could never forget that someone had once used the words *quia multum amavit*; but he made them the reason for the death of his characters rather than for their salvation. Then he produced two comedies, full of life and colour: "La Baldirona" and "La Sala d'espera," which have been set to music by Morera. In 1893 he returned to modern drama with "En Polvora." "Maria Rosa" (1894) is generally considered to have been an unfortunate attempt; but it is something more than that. It is in a way the most characteristic of all Guimerá's works—so charged with emotion as to be almost plethoric, so ardent with passion as to burn the throat like raw spirit. The tragedy of Maria Rosa herself is that she is too full of life to live, and not even the Duse herself could give an interpretation which would do her justice. "La Festa del Blat" (1896) caused great indignation, because in the course of the play the hero, who is an anarchist, throws a bomb. Yet Guimerá seems never to have taken sides on social questions, he merely presented the problem as he found it. He was a fervent Catalan of the old "traditionalist" school; in all his later dramas, except "Jesus que torna" and "La Reina jove," characters and settings are all distinctly Catalan. "Terra Baixa" (1896) did more to spread Guimerá's reputation than any of his previous works. The German version by Rudolf Lothar was used by Eugen d'Albert as the libretto for "Tiefeland." D'Albert is not a great composer, and "Tiefland" is, on the whole, a dull opera. But the vitality of Guimerá's play has made it a great success, and it is part of the stock-in-trade of every German and Austrian opera-house, where it can be turned on at a moment's notice if anything goes wrong with the arrangements. It has been translated into English as "Martha of the Lowlands" (American Drama League Series, 1914); another of Guimerá's dramas, "La Pecadora,"

has appeared in English as "Daniela." His latest play, "Jesus que torna," should be read for the nobility of its conception, although the execution is hardly on a level with it. Guimerá, like all Catalans, felt intensely the folly and futility of wars, and recognized candidly that it is not peoples who make them.

Interesting dramatic work has been produced by Ignacio Iglesias, whose long series of social dramas ("Els Vells," "El Cor del poble," "La Mare eterna," "La Resclosa," "Fructidor") was followed by a phase in which he fell under the influence of Maeterlinck ("Foc-follet," "Lladres," "Cendres d'amor"), and eventually led to comedy, as in "Girasol."

Adrián Gaul is the author of works of great fancy and originality, though his dramatic personality is not very clearly defined. Among them may be mentioned "Silenci," "Misteri de dolor," and "La comedia extraordinaria del home que va perdre el temps"—a sort of Rip van Maeterlinckel. His best work has been done as manager of the "Teatre Intim," founded in 1898, which has produced Greek tragedy and Shakespeare, Beaumarchais and Goethe, Ibsen, Hauptmann and D'Annunzio, W. W. Jacobs and Henry Arthur Jones, under the best possible conditions of a small theatre. The performances of "Iphigenie" were memorable for the presence of Granados, who improvised at the piano forte between the acts. Adrián Gaul has fallen under the influence of Maeterlinck, though he has not adopted his manner in its entirety, as Iglesias did in one or two experiments. He remembered a saying of Maeterlinck, that his object had been to present ordinary human characters, but in such a way that by a slight displacement of the angle of vision, their relations with the unknown might be revealed more clearly; and he tried for those suggestive effects by which Maeterlinck can dominate the receptive faculties of his audience. But the character of Maeterlinck can only be made to correspond with the Catalan temperament in an imperfect and fragmentary way.

Santiago Rusiñol is affected more by the theories of Maeterlinck than by his practice; probably he found him refreshing after the crude realism and torrential rhetoric of some other dramatists. But he was first of all a painter who achieved considerable distinction in his art, and has no use for an unseen world which can only be expressed in vague, mysterious terms. As an artist, his best-known work is a set of illustrations of the gardens of Spain. His literary career began with little sketches of Catalan artists in Paris and notes of travel. And then he suddenly scored an unqualified success with a play entitled "L'Alegria que passa." It is the thing most worth reading in modern Catalan literature, and is available in various languages; delightful music was written for it by Morera. Rusiñol's success may be explained, partially at all events, by his sense of the theatre; and more by his understanding of the audience. He has a genius for making things "come off." He knows how to hold people's attention on the long straight road, on those who live by the side of it and never move, and on those who are always travelling and only wish they might rest. He has a delicate sense of humour, and in most of his plays there is a half-humorous, half-sceptical bitterness at finding that the highest ideals and aspirations of men are apt to be shattered when they come into contact with reality. He offers no remedy. He presents the thing as it is, stripped bare, and merely shows that it is after all rather ridiculous. This is the method of "L'Héroë," one of his best plays and the one with the most serious intent; of "La Mare," "La Bona Gent," "El Mistic," "El Indiana." One can never forget that Catalan village (there are many such all over Spain, not only in Catalonia) where all the young men have gone to America and all the women are over forty, and still waiting for the men to come back—and how unbearable they are when they do come! "L'Auca del Senyor Esteve" was originally a whimsical and delightful novel; it was dramatized in 1917. "Senyor Esteve" is the generic name for the man from Barcelona; the "auca" is the poet's folio of papers concerning his life. Rusiñol himself was the son of a business man, a "Senyor Esteve"; yet his whole attitude is antipathetic to the business life. "He likes old things for their patina, deserted gardens, still waters and cypresses . . . . He likes, in fact, the sort of things we all like, in spite of ourselves. It may be only a factitious charm that attracts one to his works; but the charm is undoubtedly there.

J. B. T.

\*The earlier Letters appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for October 24 and November 14.

# List of New Books

**Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.**

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## GENERAL WORKS.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

**De Marinis (T.).** I LIBRI DI MUSICA DELLA CONTESSA SOFIA

CORONINI FAGAN. Milano, coi tipi di Bertieri e

Vanzetti, 1919. 9½ in. 75 pp. il. por. paper. 016.780

This is a catalogue of the contents of a musical library removed from Gorizia by the Italians in September, 1916. We wish we could say it was of some interest, but we cannot. It is precisely the kind of library we should expect from an Englishwoman named Fagan who lived in France and married an Italian nobleman attached to the diplomatic service in the year of grace 1812.

**Spottiswoode (Sylvia, Mrs. W. Hugh), ed.** WINTER'S PIE: being the Christmas number of "Printers' Pie." Pie Publications, 1919. 11½ in. 60 pp. il. paper, 1/6 n. 050 Contains contributions by Messrs. W. Pett Ridge, Keble Howard, W. Le Queux, and Hamilton Fyfe, Sir Henry Lucy, and others. Messrs. John Hassall, H. M. Bateman, Will Owen, Dana Gibson, and G. E. Studdy are among the artists who illustrate the book. "Blotto," by the last-named, is distinctly funny.

## 200 RELIGION.

**Lancaster (G. Harold).** PROPHECY, THE WAR, AND THE NEAR EAST. Marshall Bros. [1919]. 9 in. 272 pp. il. (front.) maps, apps. (bibliog.) indexes, 4/n. 220.1

The fifth impression (popular edition) of this work by the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Bow.

**\*Thomson (J. E. H.).** THE SAMARITANS: THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. Being the Alexander Robertson Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1916. Oliver & Boyd, 1919. 9 in. 448 pp. apps. index, 16/n. 296

The subject of the relation of the Samaritan rites and ceremonies to the Jewish ceremonial has been considerably neglected, in spite of the fact that it has an important bearing on questions concerning Old Testament criticism. The author has devoted attention to Samaritan problems for nearly thirty years, and has specially studied a large number of manuscripts. Dr. Thomson's results and conclusions are stated in this volume, the appendices to which include a valuable list of codices of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

**Wakinshaw (William).** THE VOW OF RUTH; and other sermons. Epworth Press [1919]. 7½ in. 196 pp., 4/n. 252.4

A second volume of sermons by the author of "John's Ideal City; and other Sermons."

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**\*Robertson (John Mackinnon).** FREE TRADE. Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 225 pp. index, 3/6 n. 337

A timely book, in which Free Trade, Protection, Imperial Preference, "dumping," and kindred topics are discussed with clearness and commendable brevity. The author deplores the present tendency in Britain towards a departure from the Free Trade principle.

**Whiteford (James F.).** FACTORY MANAGEMENT WASTES. Nisbet [1919]. 8½ in. 231 pp. app. (charts), 12/6 n. 331.7

A treatise for factory managers, teaching them how to develop greater efficiency. "Time study" and "motion study" are recommended, and the sentimental objection

to this machinization of human beings is answered by giving Oxford and Cambridge boat crews as an example of the successful application.

## 400 PHILOLOGY.

**Felkin (F. W.).** THE POET'S CRAFT: an outline of English verse composition for schools. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 37 pp. boards, 3/- n. 426

The author begins with a definition of poetry, and proceeds to describe the principal metres, permissible variations, and various forms of stanzas. The book, which is succinctly and clearly written, includes a glossary.

**Harrison (Jane Ellen).** ASPECTS, AORISTS, AND THE CLASSICAL TRIPPOS. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8½ in. 36 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 480

See review, p. 1370.

**Jenkinson (Editha).** THE ART OF WRITING VERSE: THE MALORY INTRODUCTION TO PROSODY. E. Macdonald [1919]. 7 in. 62 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 426

A plain, brief statement and exposition of the rules of prosody, accompanied by examples of verse forms, and preceded by observations on the qualities, recognition, and appreciation of poetry.

## 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**Benton (William E.).** MAN-MAKING: from out of the mist to beyond the veil. Watkins, 1919. 9 in. 181 pp. 7/6 n. 573

Mr. Benton starts with an imposing "cosmical" outlook, stellar distances and geologic ages, the cave man and early Egyptian civilization; but gradually we see this mighty process leading to the perfections of British rule and the person of our adored king. A still greater height is attained in the concluding chapters, dealing with religion and a possible life after death.

**\*Galsworthy (John).** ADDRESSES IN AMERICA, 1919. Heinemann, 1919. 7½ in. 116 pp. por., 6/n. 572.942

In these addresses Mr. Galsworthy plays with the dangerous and fascinating subject of racial character. Englishman and American—how do they differ, in what are they alike, and how shall they be brought into that friendly community of English-speaking races which is to do so much for world peace?

**St. Mars (F.).** SNAPSHOTS OF THE WILD. Illustrated by G. Vernon Stokes. Chambers, 1919. 7½ in. 251 pp. 5/- n. 590.4

Mr. St. Mars writes graphically in these "Snapshots" describing phases of wild life throughout the year; but he might have set out to illustrate Tennyson's "Nature red in tooth and claw," so frequently does he finish with the death of his subject by violence.

**\*Witherby (H. F.).** A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS, Part 5. Witherby, 1919. 8 in. 64 pp. il., 4/n. 598.2

The current section of this admirable publication is devoted chiefly to the Muscicapidae (flycatchers, warblers, thrushes, chats, etc.). The clear treatment with adequate diagrams which distinguished the earlier sections of the work is admirably maintained for this large and somewhat confusing family.

## 700 FINE ARTS.

**Jones (Sydney R.) and Vince (Charles).** ENGLAND IN FRANCE: sketches mainly with the 59th Division. Drawn by Sydney R. Jones; written by Charles Vince. Constable, 1919. 10½ in. 198 pp. il. index, 21/- n. 741

Mr. Jones is very happy in some of his effects in these black-and-white drawings. They are accompanied by Mr. Vince's letterpress, in which is recapitulated the history of places that have again become famous during the world war. Amiens, Noyon, Foucaucourt, Montreuil, and Corbie are included. The association of the text with the drawings might be closer than is sometimes the case.

**\*Marquand (Allan).** ROBBIA HERALDRY ("Princeton Monographs in Art and Archaeology"). Princeton, N.J. Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 11 in. 328 pp. il. bibliog. index, 42/- n. 720.945

See review, p. 1374.

## 790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

**The Beginner at Billiards.** By "Cut-Cavendish." Werner Laurie [1919]. 8 in. 110 pp., 3/6 n. 794

The author gives sound advice to the amateur billiard player. He is told what shots to cultivate, and diagrams are provided showing how the shots are to be made. The Rules of Billiards are included, as well as an account of the handicapping system employed by the Billiards Control Club.

\***Garrow-Green (G.).** TROUT-FISHING IN BROOKS: its science and art. Routledge [1919]. 8 in. 144 pp. por. il. diag., 3/6 n. 799

Mr. Garrow-Green has the true Izaak Walton spirit, delight in nature and satisfaction in a full creel, and he finds his account in the smaller streams which many fishermen overlook or despise. He points out that they afford scope for the dry fly as well as the wet, for minnow-fishing as well as the worm; and he gives minute particulars of the kinds of tackle and the methods that he has found most successful.

\***Hutchinson (Horace G.).** FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF. "Country Life" [1919]. 9 in. 229 pp. il. pors., 10/6 n. 796

The recollections of one who has been associated with the "royal and ancient" game for half a century, and has captained many of the most important clubs, might be expected to prove of outstanding interest; and the reader will not be disappointed. The anecdotal letterpress and the accompanying illustrations combine to form an attractive record. Some of the pictures, such as "The Ladies' Course at Pau, in the Days of the Crinoline," are curious to present-day eyes.

## 800 LITERATURE.

**La Lectura:** Revista de Ciencias y de Artes. Director, Sr. D. Francisco Acebal. Nos. 223-6, July-October. Madrid, Recoletos, 25. 10 in. 90 to 100 pp. 2.25 ptas. 860.5

\***Lucas (E. V.).** THE PHANTOM JOURNAL; AND OTHER ESSAYS AND DIVERSIONS. Methuen, 1919. 7 in. 207 pp. il., 6/- n. 824.9

See Review, p. 1366.

**The Owl,** no. 2, October. Secker, 1919. 12 in. 56 pp. il., 10/6 n. 820.5

The second number of this admirably produced miscellany is somewhat larger than the first. As our readers are aware, we are out of sympathy with a great deal of the poetry produced by the group responsible for the *Owl*, and no good purpose is served by insisting upon what to us seem to be its shortcomings. Mr. Sassoon's are the most convincing poems in this number; in them we feel a genuine emotion fighting through a not yet adequate technique. Mr. Nichols' long poem contains, as usual, some fine lines which emphasize his general carelessness. Mr. Vachel Lindsay's "Golden Whales of California" is robust and amusing, and goes with a swing. Mr. Blunden's "A Country God" is interesting. Mr. Shanks goes into the question of nightjars at length on this occasion. Of the prose, Mr. Tomlinson's story of Old Pascoe and his "Heart's Desire" is a solid and definite piece of work with its centre of gravity in the right place. Mr. Max Beerbohm's moral story is excellent. We found the last story, "The Cow," quite unreadable.

The drawings are by Pamela Bianco, William Nicholson (whose fable is subtle to the point of stupidity), Rockwell Kent (who follows Blake *longo intervallo*), Derwent Wood and others. An excellent reproduction of Mr. Lutyens' original sketch for the Cenotaph is of greater interest. Modern painting does not exist for this sapient and right-minded bird, but we will not molest its ancient, solitary reign on that account.

**Sav-J-López (Paolo).** CERVANTES. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 8 in. 260 pp., 3.50 ptas. 863.32

This is a Spanish translation, by Sr. D. Antonio Solalinde, of the work of an Italian scholar.

## POETRY.

**Cumberland (Gerald).** ROSALYS; and other poems. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 48 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Cumberland has a command of fluent, expressive language, and an eye for the effective, the journalistically

dramatic. Here is a characteristic stanza which admirably illustrates his merits and his defects:

The silent water took her in  
With a laugh, and a sigh, and a leer;  
And wrinkled all its Sphinx-like face  
Into an ugly sneer.  
And hissing waves ran to the shore,  
And sniggered in the weir.

**Du Bellay (Joachim).** POÉSIES FRANÇAISES ET LATINES. Avec notice et notes par E. Courbet ("Classiques Garnier"). Garnier, 1918. 2 vols. 603, 543 pp. paper, 6 fr. 841.32

See review, p. 1381.

**Garcilaso [de la Vega] y Boscán.** OBRAS POÉTICAS. Edición, prólogo y notas de E. Diez-Canedo. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 314 pp., 1.50 ptas. 861.3

The first edition of the works of the two poets who acclimated Renaissance poems in Spanish literature was published in 1543, under the name of "Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilaso de la Vega." The present edition might be called "The Works of Garcilaso and some of Boscán."

**López-Picó (J. Ma.).** EL MEU PARE I JO. Barcelona, 1920. 8 in. 62 pp. paper. 861.59

A slender book of verse, constituting opus 11 of this distinguished contributor to Catalan literature.

**Maynard (Theodore), ed.** A TANKARD OF ALE: an anthology of English drinking songs. Erskine Macdonald [1919]. 8 in. 188 pp., 5/- n. 821.08

Mr. Maynard in his introduction makes the usual confusion between art and life when he sagaciously remarks of Stevenson's immortal:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho! ho! and a bottle of rum,

that it was not "exactly the kind of observation that John Silver and his companions would have been likely to make." He has tried to supply his readers with the "whole cream"—is that quite the appropriate metaphor?—of our convivial songs. But how could he hope for success and omit Burns? It is a painful reflection on our wealth of bacchanalian verse, on which we had pinned our faith in the imminent conflict with Pussyfoot, that Mr. Austin Dobson—who must know it all if any man does—refused to let his "Maltworm's Madrigal" appear here because he is a water-drinker of many years' standing. Mr. Maynard gives the chorus "Beer, beer, glorious beer!" but omits the song as unworthy of it; but, after all, the chorus is not much above the vulgar catch,

Come where the beer is cheaper,

which roused George Gissing's disgust. The range is pretty wide, from Peacock's consummate glees and choruses to this low level. It is a pity the contents have no chronological—or, for that matter, any other—system of arrangement, and not even a list of authors; also that the Latin songs at the end were not revised by someone who knows Latin.

## FICTION.

**Bell (Mrs. W. F. Irvine).** THE FORESTER'S GIRL. Chambers [1919]. 7½ in. 302 pp., 6/- n.

Anita Lalonne becomes the wife of David Hardy, a forester in California. This man is a good fellow, but his extreme jealousy causes him to suspect Anita of infidelity, because Gavin Barrie, who some years before rescued the girl from questionable surroundings in Paris, comes to California and renews his acquaintance with her. There is a tragedy, in which Gavin sacrifices his life to save Anita. The forest fire is ably described.

**Bond (Almée).** MONA-LISA-NOBODY. Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 312 pp., 6/- n.

The self-conscious and inexperienced heroine is on the death of her grandmother left alone in the world. After various changes of fortune, she finds herself in the Latin quarter of Paris, makes numerous acquaintances, lives in a world of romance, and falls in love with a diplomatist, who jilts her. Mona-Lisa in the end becomes the wife of a matter-of-fact journalist, and agrees with his view that their marriage is "an extremely good working proposition."

**Chambers (Robert W.).** THE MAID-AT-ARMS ("Constable's 2/- Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 351 pp., 2/ n.

**Dowdall (Hon. Mrs. Mary Frances).** SUSIE: YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER. Duckworth [1919]. 7½ in. 338 pp. front., 7/ n.

A shrewd character-study, the subject of which was only nineteen and innocent, but she had seductive curls behind her ears, a bewitching dimple, and a too cheerful glance out of the corners of her eyes. Susie was not a flirt. She just collected devotees as the moth-hunter acquires specimens. In the end an army officer captures Susie.

**Firbank (Ronald).** VALMOUTH: a romantic novel. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 209 pp. front., 6/ n.

One closes this book with the wish, perhaps somewhat impatiently expressed, that Mr. Firbank would employ his in some ways remarkable talents to better purpose. "Valmouth" oscillates between the amusing and the tiresome, and succeeds in being sometimes a little more amusing than tiresome, sometimes great deal more tiresome than amusing. There is quite a lot to be said for Hare Hatch House and its inhabitants—Mrs. Hurstspierpoint with her taste for art, Catholicism and flagellation, Mrs. Thoroughfare, the sinister chaplain, the butler and the footman. But one gets tired very quickly—in a great deal less time than it takes to read these 200 pages—of breathing that atmosphere of rarefied and dissembled sexual perversion which is the medium in which the story floats. Personally, we like our grossness in lumps, all at once, so that when one has done with it one can get on to something else. In "Valmouth" grossness, if we may call by that name anything so refined as the subtle aroma of the book, is diffused throughout. But Mr. Firbank has talents—a gift of style, a capacity to write dialogue, an appreciation of the beautiful and the absurd. With such gifts he might produce a real comedy of manners. It is to be hoped that he will.

**Grogan (Gerald).** WILLIAM POLLOK; and other tales. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 316 pp., 7/ n.

The author of these clever and vigorous stories was killed by the bursting of a high-explosive shell on January 18, 1918, while on duty with his section in a forward area. Mr. Grogan was at one period a mining engineer in Mexico; and in the tales entitled "The Trials and Triumphs of William Pollok, Mine Superintendent," as well as in some of the other items, he draws upon his recollections to excellent purpose.

**Hocking (Silas K.).** NANCY. Sampson Low [1919]. 7½ in. 297 pp., 6/ n.

Nancy, having been told by the executor of her father's will that she is left penniless, attempts to commit suicide. She refuses to marry her rescuer, but all misunderstandings are cleared up in due course on a Christmas Eve, so the volume appears opportunely.

**Jackson (Sir T. G.).** SIX SHORT STORIES. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 243 pp., 6/ n.

These stories are well-meaning enough, but unfortunately good intentions are not sufficient to produce good ghost stories. Atmosphere is everything, and here we have none. A review will appear.

**Jenkin (A. M. N.).** THE END OF A DREAM. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 292 pp., 7/ n.

This is a novel with a purpose—to prove that shell-shock is a serious complaint, a fact which Mr. Jenkin seems to think is not sufficiently well known. Blown up at the front, the hero is invalided home. He imagines that an actress, with whom he was in love before his somewhat unsatisfactory marriage, is his wife, and under the influence of the delusion goes for a honeymoon in Cornwall, where the dream comes to a violent end by his murdering his mistress while suffering from another delusion to the effect that she is a German. The symptoms of the hero are well described; but Mr. Jenkin lacks literary skill and seems to find it very difficult to cope with his plot. His style is ambitious.

**Kendall (Ralph S.).** BENTON OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED: a tale of the Royal North-west Mounted Police. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 318 pp. glossary, 6/ n.

The humours, tragedy, and romance of life in the Rockies many years since, and the deeds of the old police force, are

presented in these episodes with simple realism and far less exaggeration and melodrama than are usual in novels of the Wild West.

**Norris (Kathleen).** SISTERS. Murray, 1919. 8 in. 313 pp., 7/ n.

Mrs. Norris's book is a careful analysis of the strongly contrasted characters of three girls, two of whom, Alix and Cherry, are sisters. Their cousin Anne is the other member of the triad. Cherry is loving, but thoughtless and unpractical. She dislikes the rough life at the Californian mine of which her husband is an official. Alix is of a sedate temperament, and is in general far more sensible than Cherry. Anne is prim and selfish. The love-affairs of the three girls are intricate.

**"Rita," Mrs. W. Desmond Humphreys.** DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS. Sampson Low [1919]. 8 in. 496 pp., 7/ n.

Rita's new novel is an interesting excursion in Ouida-esque melodrama, and has some good dialogue, though the reader will be more astonished than convinced by the character-drawing of the events by which the half-Greek, half-English girl makes her way into English society.

**Serao (Matilde).** SOULS DIVIDED. Translated from the Italian by William Collinge. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 298 pp., 6/ n.

Paolo Ruffo hears a beautiful stranger, Diana Sforza, singing in a Roman house, apostrophizes her in numerous letters, and threatens suicide, but, as there is no result, thinks better of it; he weeps often and copiously; and after Diana's marriage follows her to England, where in a November fog he wanders seven hours around her husband's castle, "amid the dense trees of a deep park, the dark, gloomy trees of northern countries," catches a very bad cold, and at length softly and silently vanishes for ever, like the boojum. It then turns out that Diana secretly loved Paolo all the time, but did not like to be unfaithful to her husband. She pines away and dies. A soulful, sobful tale!

**Somerville (H. B.).** THE MAN'S STORY. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 284 pp., 6/ n.

Tom Cave, having refused to marry the lady of title selected for him by his rich father, has his allowance stopped, and turns chauffeur. Fortune proves unexpectedly kind to him, but jealousy comes to mar his happiness. Americans, Frenchmen, and the war play important parts in the story, which is written in a lively fashion.

**Stevenson (George).** BENJY. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 401 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 1371.

**Villars (Meg).** THE BROKEN LAUGH. Grant Richards, 1920. 7½ in. 343 pp., 7/ n.

An interesting story written in a manner which is a curious blend of realism and romance. We should judge that the author has much more knowledge of some of her characters and social settings than of others. If she had been content to develop her whole story in the *milieu* she knows best, she would probably have produced a really effective narrative.

**\*Ward (Mrs. Humphry).** COUSIN PHILIP. Collins [1919]. 8 in. 274 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 1371.

#### 910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

**\*Jeffery (George).** A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN THE HOLY CITY; with some account of the mediæval copies of the Holy Sepulchre surviving in Europe. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 9 in. 247 pp. 16 plans, chronol. tables, index, 10/6 n. 915.69

The author of this scholarly monograph is an architect, and the work first appeared in the *Journal* of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1910. Mr. Jeffery traces the history of the Holy Sepulchre from primitive down to modern times; describes the monument as it is, and, so far as possible, as it was at different eras; and writes two particularly interesting chapters on the reproductions of the Holy Sepulchre as a pilgrim shrine. The illustrations might have been improved, especially in the way of enlargement.

**Maurel (André).** A MONTH IN ROME. Translated by Helen Gerard. Putnam [1919]. 7 in. 425 pp., \$1.75 net.

914.56

An old lover of Italy, whose "Little Cities of Italy" has already appeared in English, M. Maurel here sets himself to arrange a month's sight-seeing in Rome. There is nothing of Baedeker's thoroughness and detail in the book, which is literary and suggestive in character. The excursions are well varied, extending to the Campagna and the "Castelli Romani" among the Alban Hills. This volume has all the charm of its predecessors.

**Moreno Villa (J.).** EVOLUCIONES: cuentos, caprichos, bestario, epitafios y obras paralelas. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1918. 8 in. 252 pp., 4 ptas. 914.63

The "Evoluciones" of Sr. Moreno Villa form a strange and interesting collection of verse and prose, which bring to mind very vividly things that are to be seen in out-of-the-way corners of Castile. He has a curious interest in mediaevalism, without being a mystic.

**Routledge (Mrs. Scoresby).** THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND: the story of an expedition. Sifton, Praed & Co., 67, St. James's Street, S.W.1, 1919. 9½ in. 426 pp. il. maps, index, 31/6 n. 919.7

See review, p. 1369.

## 920 BIOGRAPHY.

Alexandra (Queen).

**Williamson (David).** QUEEN ALEXANDRA: a biography. Oliphants [1919]. 8 in. 205 pp. il. pors., 6/ n. 920

A straightforward and readable "life" of one for whom all British people have a very high regard and sincere admiration. The expression "the Queen," which is used with great frequency, is generally understood to mean either a queen regnant, or a queen consort whose husband is living.

\***Fisher (Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Arbuthnot, 1st Baron). RECORDS.** Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 9 in. 294 pp. il. pors. apps. index, 21/ n. 920

Lord Fisher's "Records" are quite as racy as his "Memories," and the differences are only incidental. Essentially the spirit and subject-matter of the two books are identical. In an appendix will be found a statement that finally disposes of that Cingalese Princess rumour.

**Jonescu (Take).** SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS. Nisbet [1919]. 8½ in. 274 pp. por., 9/ n. 920

An account, by the well-known Roumanian statesman, of various foreign ministers and diplomats he has met. Some light is thrown on the events immediately preceding the war, and, although the book is almost diplomatically polite, we see once more of what poor quality these official great men usually are.

## 930-990 HISTORY.

**Hearnshaw (F. J. C.).** AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 190 pp. maps, app. index, 3/6 n. 940.9

In view of the fact that nineteenth-century European history, as treated in Professor Hearnshaw's "Main Currents of European History, 1815-1915," is too complex and too controversial to be suitable in many cases, the author has prepared the present work for use in the upper classes of schools, in training colleges, Y.M.C.A. institutes, and the like. Although in subject an abridgment of "Main Currents," the "Outline Sketch" has been wholly rewritten.

**Lockington (W. J.).** THE SOUL OF IRELAND. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Harding & More, 1919. 8 in. 190 pp., 6/ n. 941.591

Father Lockington, S.J., has faith that Ireland is in the act of a glorious resurrection, which is to show forth to Europe the indestructible vitality of the Catholic religion, and to make her no longer a Cinderella but a peer among the nations.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Callwell (Major-General Sir Charles Edward).** THE DARDANELLES ("Campaigns and their Lessons"). Constable, 1919. 9 in. 376 pp. maps, apps., 18/ n. 940.9

A careful study of particular phases of the attempt in 1915 to wrest the Hellespont from Turkish domination.

Granting that the adventure would have been worth while, had the means for carrying it out effectively been available, the author declares that the project "failed for all practical purposes at the outset, owing to faulty strategical and tactical conceptions as to how it ought to be executed, and owing to its being embarked on and carried out with insufficient fighting forces. . . . The military objections were manifest and were overwhelming." The book needs an index.

**Klein (Daryl).** WITH THE CHINKS. Lane, 1919. 7 in. 268 pp. il., 6/6 n. 940.9

An interesting account of a little-known department of the recent war activities. Mr. Klein was a lieutenant in the Chinese Labour Corps, and he here describes the methods of training the coolies in China and experiences during transport. The book is competently written, and is agreeably unusual amongst the crop of war books.

**Price (Julius M.).** ON THE PATH OF ADVENTURE. Lane, 1919. 8½ in. 260 pp. il. pors., 12/6 n. 940.9

The experiences of a war artist in the occupied zone. His adventures, some of which are little more than minor annoyances, are related in detail. Some examples are given of the revolting brutality of German officers in their treatment of their subordinates.

\***Young (Francis Brett).** MARCHING ON TANGA. Collins, 1919. 9 in. 265 pp. il. map, 10/6 n. 940.9

An édition de luxe, with six illustrations in colour by J. E. Sutcliffe, of a book which has won a deserved popularity as an excellently written record of the campaign in German East Africa.

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